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EMINENT WOMEN



"Rosa turned her studio into a menagerie." Page 11

COLLINS' NEW BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES

EMINENT WOMEN

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AND

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**LONDON AND GLASGOW
COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS**

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PREFACE.

IN the Educational World old methods are fast giving place to new. History is no longer a string of Dates, or Geography the repetition of a number of names without life or meaning. That scholars learn much more readily if they feel an interest in the subject is a truism, and one great aim which the earnest Teacher always has in view is the arousing of such an interest.

In this series of little books the Publishers have attempted to correlate Reading, History, Geography and General Knowledge.

The Biographies here presented do not profess to be Biographies in the ordinary sense. Each life selected is a convenient peg on which to hang many things.

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Other books in the series will afford opportunity for treating of the habits and customs of our own people at various stages in our history, and will give glimpses into the modes of life of other nations.

While avoiding everything that is dry, the Publishers hope to include nothing but what is educative.

To enhance the value of the Series, each book will contain Two Coloured Illustrations, and, wherever possible, a Portrait of each person whose career is set forth. In some cases Pictures or Views will be substituted for Portraits.

The whole series will be issued under the general editorship of Herbert Hayens, while every writer is, or has been, a practical teacher, thoroughly acquainted with present-day scholastic requirements.

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I.—Caroline Herschel.

I.

THE EARLY ASTRONOMERS.

AGES ago, men noticed that darkness followed light, that the sun seemed to rise and set, describing a path across the sky, and that the seasons succeeded each other in regular order. They pictured the earth as standing in the middle of a vast crystal sphere, in which the stars were studded like golden and silver nails.

They saw, too, certain groups of bright fixed stars, which maintained their position relative to each other, and it would seem that the more familiar groups were named and watched.

There must have been some first observer, some unknown astronomer, worthy of lasting fame, who discovered that the stars appeared to move at a uniform rate in one direction, keeping the same distance from one another, with the exception of the pole star, which maintained the same position.

No one can tell the names of those early observers, who first grouped the stars into the

constellations by which they are now known. To the shepherds, who "watched in the fields by night," the bright stars must have revealed some message, mysterious and sublime, but how mysterious and how sublime it was not yet their lot to understand.

Several of the ancient nations pursued some sort of study of astronomy: the Chaldeans, the Hindoos, and the Egyptians all had a way of imagining certain outlines of men and animals traced on the sky. Strangely enough, the outlines were nearly the same in every nation.

The wise men of Chaldea observed the sky closely from month to month, and even from year to year. In their own country the clearness of the sky made observation easy. Thus they were able to make a record of certain things, but beyond this they did not go. They invented a calendar, and set down the apparent paths of the sun, moon, and planets; they determined that the year consisted of 365 days, and they added one month of thirty days to every one hundred and twentieth year. They reckoned time from the year 749 B.C.

As these early astronomers watched the strange movements of the planets, they arrived at the conclusion that they bore some relation to human life. From this arose a belief in astrology, and for many ages the science of astronomy was

hampered by the doings of astrologers and sooth-sayers, who pretended to have a close knowledge of the heavenly bodies and their meaning, and their influence upon the fortunes of mankind.

From the Chaldeans the study of astronomy passed to the Greeks. Six hundred years before Christ, Thales of Miletus, the father of Greek science, began to study the causes of what he saw around him. The conclusions at which he arrived may appear stupid to the mind of a twentieth-century child, but still he was a seeker after truth. He is reported to have taught that the earth was a flat plane floating in water, and for many centuries this was believed.

Another Greek searcher, Anaxagoras, was born about 500 years B.C. He discovered that an eclipse of the moon was caused by the shadow of the earth cast by the sun, but in spite of this he did not believe that the earth was a sphere.

Anaxagoras was one of the first to suffer persecution for his opinions, because they jarred on the religious feelings of his fellows. He was imprisoned at the age of seventy for being an atheist: his fault was that he said the moon was of the same nature as the earth, possessing hills and valleys, and probably being inhabited, which was considered a great impiety, the moon then being regarded as divine.

Other Greek thinkers further advanced the

science of astronomy : Pythagoras, Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Aristotle, and many more, but even the wisest was ignorant of facts which are to-day known to every school-child.

All desire to learn anything of astronomy seems to have ceased during the time of the Roman Empire, and in the Middle Ages science was indeed dead. The *Renaissance* brought new life, not only into the church, but into learning of all kinds. In 1473, in Prussia, was born Nicolas Copernick (or Copernicus), the first of that long line of modern astronomers who have written the story of the heavens, so that all may read.

After his death other earnest men sought to continue his work, which was to prove that the earth and the planets revolved round the sun. Tycho Brahe was one of them, and Kepler, whose life was spent in poverty, another ; Galileo also suffered persecution at the hands of the Inquisition for his advanced views. He was imprisoned, threatened with torture, and forced to recant, on his knees before the Inquisitors, the doctrines he had taught.

Perhaps the one thing that gave to Galileo the greatest fame was the use of the telescope, just then invented, in the study of astronomy. Many people credit him with being the inventor of this instrument, but that honour

did not rightly belong to him, as may be seen by the following passage, taken from a letter which he wrote to his brother-in-law :—

“ You must know, then, that, two months ago, there was a report spread here that in Flanders some one had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau a glass, manufactured in such a way as to make distant objects appear very near, so that a man at the distance of two miles could be seen clearly. This seemed to me so marvellous that I began to think about it. . . . I set about contriving how to make it, and at length found out, and have succeeded so well that the one I have made is far superior to the Dutch telescope.

“ It was reported in Venice that I had made one, and a week since I was commanded to show it to his Serenity, and to all the members of the Senate, to their infinite amazement. Many gentlemen and senators, even the oldest, have ascended at various times the highest bell-towers in Venice, to spy out ships at sea making sail for the mouth of the harbour, and have seen them clearly, though without my telescope they would have been invisible for more than two hours.”

When Galileo turned his telescope to the sky, he found that he could count ten times as many stars as he had been able to perceive before. Up to that time many students said

the stars were on the surface of a sphere, at equal distances from the observer. Galileo's telescope proved this belief to be false.

One of his greatest discoveries was that the planet Jupiter had four satellites revolving around itself.

To Galileo may be credited the invention of the thermometer, and the plan of regulating timepieces by a pendulum.

When old and blind, and in semi-imprisonment, he was visited by the English poet, Milton, then travelling in Italy. In the year 1642 he died, poor, infirm, and blind, but one of the greatest philosophers the world had ever seen. A year after, in England, another was born, one even greater than Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, who first discovered the true theory of the universe, the laws of gravitation.

II.

CAROLINE IN HANÓVER.

IN studying the lives of famous men, again and again one finds how greatly many of them have been helped by the love, sympathy, and aid ungrudgingly bestowed by some devoted woman — wife, sister, or friend. Never is

this better shown than in the story of the life-work of Caroline Herschel.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago, on the 16th March, in the year 1750, at the town of Hanover, was born to Isaac and Anna Ilse Herschel their second daughter and eighth child, to whom they gave the name of Caroline Lucretia.

Isaac Herschel, the father, was himself the son of a well-known gardener, Abraham Herschel, who had been director of the Royal garden at Dresden. Isaac was bandmaster of the King's Guards at Hanover, and a man of great musical ability, something of a genius in his way: quite enough, indeed, to make life a keen struggle both for himself and his large family. There were distinct touches of genius among his sons and one of his daughters.

Unhappily, Isaac Herschel was a great sufferer during the latter part of his life. While on active service, after the battle of Dettingen, he had lain all one night in a wet furrow, and hence returned home a cripple, being, for the rest of his life, a martyr to rheumatism. Nevertheless he was ever a cheerful, hopeful influence in the home, loving his children and beloved by them, wishing to have them well educated, and encouraging their musical talents.

The mother was very different : she was stern and hard, but withal very industrious, and a true German housewife.

She hated the name of music, and as for education would have none of it, so far as her two daughters were concerned. They were to knit and sew, and bake and scrub, and leave books alone, and then they would be useful women and housewives.

“All the troubles that have come upon this family,” she would often say, with much bitterness, “have been caused by too much study and book-learning.”

The elder daughter, Sophia Elizabeth, who was seventeen years older than Caroline, obeyed her mother dutifully, and occupied herself with housework until she reached the age of twenty, when she married. At the wedding, the younger sister, aged three, must have enjoyed herself amazingly, for, in after years, one of the few bright recollections of her childhood was that of dancing merrily by herself upon this occasion.

Poor Sophia Elizabeth does not seem to have had the happy life that her industry should have earned. She was left a widow with six children, and, in the latter part of her life, one only hears of her as writing miserable letters to her relatives.

Caroline's was altogether a different nature,

not nearly so satisfactory according to her mother's ideas. She was always difficult to manage, had a way of loving all who were kind to her, and of breaking out into frantic rebellion, when "to knit, to bake, to scrub, and to sew" became more than she could bear.

Fortunately, her father loved and understood his little daughter. When her mother was in a good temper, or out of the way, he gave Caroline lessons on the violin, for she had an ardent love for music, and he tried to answer her eager questions, and add to her slender store of knowledge.

Once, upon a starry night, he took her out and pointed to a comet then appearing in the heavens, and thenceforward Caroline's mind was kindled by the magic of that vaster world, into which her eyes could barely peep.

She had known one sorrow, the bitter sorrow of separation from her beloved ones. When she was four years old, her father and her two brothers, Jacob, aged twenty, and William, aged eighteen, were sent with the regiment to England, to serve his "dapper" Majesty, George II., who was also Elector of Hanover.

This was a year when England had her hands full, for, although supposed to be at peace with France, she was struggling furiously with her in Africa, the East Indies, and

especially North America. War was declared in 1756.

Caroline had little time to sit and fret for her father and favourite brother. When not at school (she attended the garrison school until she was fourteen), she had to sit on a stool and knit piles of stockings for the family to wear. She was an expert knitter at the age of five, and when she stood up to finish off her first pair the tops swept the floor.

In three years the father and brothers returned, and Caroline, having finished her household duties, was allowed to go to meet them. Full of joy, she set out and waited at the appointed place hour after hour, but in vain: the travellers did not appear. Sad at heart and weary, she wended her way home, where, through the open door, she saw them sitting round the table at supper, having apparently forgotten all about her.

She stood speechless and trembling, when suddenly her brother William, caught sight of her, and, running out, caught her up in his arms, with kisses that filled her cup of joy to the brim.

He was her darling, her best-beloved, this brother William. Jacob she loved—perhaps. In returning to Hanover, Jacob, the favoured one, the eldest son of the family, had ridden

by post; the father and William had walked the whole way. They could not all afford to ride; that privilege was Jacob's.

The father and William loved Caroline, and were good to her, but Jacob took it upon himself to improve her. He whipped her because she did not hand him the dishes properly at table; he whipped her because she cleaned the knives with brick-dust, a method her mother had taught her, but of which he did not approve. He was not a very desirable brother.

The brothers were performers in their father's band, being capable musicians, William especially. Isaac Herschel was proud of his clever sons, and encouraged them in their desire for learning. Caroline used to lie awake at night listening eagerly to the conversations going on between her father and brothers. Thus she writes in her recollections of her childhood:—

“I remember that I was frequently prevented from going to sleep, by the lively criticisms on music on coming from a concert. Often I would keep myself awake that I might listen to their animating remarks, for it made me so happy to see them happy.”

Again the time came for the family to be broken up, for the Seven Years' War was about

to commence. Great Britain had formed an alliance with Frederick the Great of Prussia, who was the best general in Europe, and led the best army.

Hanover, where the Herschels lived, was the centre of the fighting, it being the aim of the French king, Louis XV., to injure Britain by harrying her German possessions.

This war cost Europe over a million lives, and exhausted every country which took part in it.

William Herschel had a little experience of soldiering, which was sufficient to convince him that he had rather play in the band than fight. He lay all one night in a ditch, after the battle of Hastenbeck, and, during the cold dark hours, firmly made up his mind that it would be safer, although less glorious, to run away before he was called upon to repeat that unpleasant experience. For his credit it must be said that William was a delicate youth, unable to endure the hardships of soldiering.

Accordingly, his people smuggled him off to England, and he landed at Dover with a French crown piece in his pocket, and an unbounded store of energy and perseverance in his active mind.

For a few years life was none too easy for the young musician, as it was by music that

he intended to earn his bread. At the age of twenty-two he was made instructor to the Durham Militia, and later became organist at the parish church of Halifax.

By this time the Seven Years' War was over, and William Herschel, having obtained a settled position, resolved to pay a short visit to his father at Hanover.

Caroline's joy, when she knew that her brother was returning, was tempered by the knowledge that she would not be able to see very much of him. In these words does she describe her fears :—

“Of the joys and pleasures which all felt at this long-wished-for meeting with my—let me say dearest—brother, but a small portion could fall to my share ; for with my constant attendance at church (preparing for confirmation) and school, besides the time I was employed in doing the drudgery of the scullery, it was but seldom that I could make one in the group, when the family assembled together. . . . Sunday was the—to me—eventful day of my confirmation, and I left home not a little proud and encouraged by my dear brother William's approbation of my appearance in my new gown.”

The new gown was made of black silk, and

Caroline carried in her hand a posy of white artificial flowers, the same that had served as a bridal bouquet for her sister, Sophia, eleven years before.

The same day that Caroline was confirmed, her brother returned to England. She was then fourteen years old, her brother twenty-six.

Not very long after, the father, Isaac Herschel, was seized with a paralytic stroke. For some years he lingered, a bed-ridden invalid, until death released him from sufferings patiently, nay, nobly, borne.

Caroline, seventeen years of age, was now bereft of her closest friend, and life became indeed dark. The family was poor; the years had not softened, but had rather increased her mother's severity, and the load of household work laid upon her shoulders was heavier than ever. Looking, as well as she could, into the future, she could see no way of escaping the drudgery and the ignorance which she hated worse than anything. If she had to leave home in the future, as seemed likely, she was fitted for nothing but housework. These are her own words on the subject.

"I could not bear the idea of being turned into a housemaid, and thought that, with some acquirements and a little notion of music, I might

obtain a place as governess in some family, where the want of a knowledge of French would be no objection."

Unfortunately, her mother was more determined than ever that her daughter should have nothing to do with "book-learning," and she kept her busy from morning until night with household work.

There happened to be living in the same house a young woman, to whom Caroline confided her innocent ambition. This friend offered to teach the eager girl all that she herself knew, which, it must be confessed, did not amount to much, being mainly a knowledge of fancy-work.

The mother, as before, set her face sternly against this proposal; the housework must be done; there was no time for lessons of any kind. But Caroline devised a way out of this difficulty: she would get up early, and get up she did, at daybreak, and had a few hours' instruction from the kind friend before seven o'clock, at which hour she had to begin her day's work, proper by polishing the stoves.

What she learned now was chiefly fancy-work, bead-work in particular. Thinking this would be of service to her, she learned every pattern that her friend could teach; as soon as she

had finished one specimen, beginning another. She also learned dressmaking, in the hope that this might prove of some service in her efforts to be self-supporting.

Three years had passed since her father's death, when a letter came from her brother William.

He was now a successful music-teacher at Bath, the popular organist at the Octagon Chapel, and the organiser of concerts attended by the fashion and rank of the town.

In his prosperity, perhaps because he wanted her help, he had thought of the little Cinderella of the family toiling away in Hanover. If she came to him she might be doubly useful—she could keep house, and sing at his winter concerts.

Caroline's delight was damped by her brother Jacob, who poured contempt upon the scheme. Let Caroline stay where she was, and go on doing her duty, which, in his view, was attending to his comfort.

A timid answer went back to William, not a decided refusal, for one does not thus treat the successful man of the family, but an excuse. Caroline knew no singing it was said; she would be of no manner of use at his concerts.

William's next letter was very much to the point: Jacob was a musician, let him teach

Caroline how to sing. But this was what Jacob did not intend to do, and he declared that his sister had no ability.

"Of course," says Caroline, "Jacob had never heard the sound of my voice except in speaking, and I was left in uncertainty whether I was to go or not. I had set my heart upon this change, and so, when the family were from home, I practised music with a gag between my teeth, imitating the solo parts of concerts, shake and all, such as I had heard them play upon the violin. In consequence I had gained a tolerable execution before I knew how to sing."

She began to knit ruffles: these were to be presented to William, if she were lucky enough to go to Bath, to Jacob if she had to remain in Hanover.

She also knitted stockings, cotton stockings, piles of them, enough to last her mother, Jacob, and her youngest brother Dietrich for two years at least.

Time went on, and, as nothing was done, Caroline began to despair. At last, in the year 1776, when she was twenty-two years of age, William himself went over to Hanover to settle the matter. He paid for a servant who would do the household work, and took back Caroline to England.

III.

CAROLINE IN ENGLAND.

To the girl who had never travelled, what a delight must have been that journey from Hanover, through Holland. Six days did it take, six wonderful days, on an open "post-wagen"! At night the golden stars were reflected in the depths of the Dutch canals which they passed, and William Herschel, who was himself a keen lover of learning, told to the wrapt listener beside him the never-ending story of the wonders of the heavens.

They reached the shores of England, landing at Yarmouth after a stormy passage, and Caroline, in a letter to her mother, tells that they were "thrown ashore like two packages of cotton." The first meal on English shores was a delight to her: fine, white wheaten bread with butter, and tea.

When refreshed and washed—a kindly landlady helped the young traveller to change her clothes—they started off in a cart to meet the coach which was to convey them to London.

Alas! the horse ran away, the cart was

overturned, and William and Caroline found themselves on their heads in a dry ditch, with their packages and parcels strewn about the road.

Luckily, no bones were broken, and they finally reached London in safety.

Here Caroline found that her brother was a very busy man. He had business in the West End of London, and she remained at the inn while he went. Later on, when he returned, he took her out to see the shops which were, to her idea, most brilliantly lighted, but the only ones at which he stopped were those of opticians. He had to buy glasses, he explained to her, for a telescope he was making. It was his greatest delight to study the stars.

The next morning they started off in a coach for Bath, which town was the resort of the fashionable and rich folk of England. Here was a pump-room where the famous waters were taken daily; here were parades where ladies showed their fine gowns, and gambling tables where large sums of money were lost and won.

Altogether it was a bewildering place to the quiet girl from Hanover. She had nothing in common with the fine folk; there was not a friend for her among them. In

her brother's house at No. 7 King Street, there was plenty of work to occupy her. His housekeeper was a violent, untidy woman, who had allowed his table knives to rust, and his dinner-things, tea-things, and all the table crockery, in fact, to be smashed. After diligent search for the heater of the tea-urn, Caroline finally found it on the ash heap.

The first floor, where William lived, and gave from thirty-five to thirty-eight music-lessons a week, was beautifully furnished. Another brother, Alexander, had come from Hanover some time before, and he and Caroline took possession of the attics.

Here, at the age of twenty-two, Caroline Herschel found herself. She was a very tiny person, not in the least good-looking, and had scarcely an accomplishment, unless the art of making herself generally useful may be deemed one. Her first business was to learn the English language, and to perfect herself in singing. After a trial, William declared himself well satisfied with her voice, and gave her two or three lessons a day. The hours not spent at the harpsichord were devoted to household management.

On the second morning after her arrival, her brother began to give her at breakfast

short oral lessons in English, arithmetic, and book-keeping. When these lessons became tiring, they plunged into delightful talk about the one thing William really loved, which was astronomy. If Caroline knew little, she could, at least, be an eager listener, and she drank in every word concerning those bright stars, in which would be found fame for no less a person than William Herschel, perhaps for his sister Caroline.

At first, since she did not know the English language, she found some difficulty with the shopping. On one occasion she returned home greatly upset, having had a sharp tussle with a greengrocer. Then she discovered that her brother Alexander had been accustomed to follow her, watching from a distance to see that all went well.

The winter passed quickly, and Caroline was very fully occupied, but, after Easter, Bath, as usual, became almost empty. The concerts were al^l over, and most of William Herschel's pupils had gone to London.

Then Caroline began to feel lonely, for she had no companion, and her life was by no means so delightful as her fancy had pictured. To add to her unhappiness, miserable letters kept arriving from her sister Sophia. Her brother William was not much of a companion,

as she saw him but once a day, at dinner-time. In the evening he used to go to bed very early, taking with him a basin of milk, or a glass of water, and a book on astronomy, which he read far into the night. All the day his thoughts were given to the one question, how he should obtain the instruments with which to view the wonders he had read so much about.

Caroline's help was enlisted, and she gave herself, heart and soul, to the making of a long tube of paste-board, for a twenty-foot telescope, the glasses of which were to arrive from London. In this occupation she soon forgot her loneliness. 17067

The tube, when finished, proved to be useless. It bent, owing to its length and the material of which it was fashioned. A tube of tin was made instead, and this was found to be satisfactory.

The telescope was not the ordinary refracting telescope which is commonly used to-day. It was a reflector, that is, one in which a mirror of polished metal was at the end of the tube, and the observer looked down this and studied the reflection of the stars above. The success of this kind of telescope depended entirely upon the mirror, which had to be hollowed out slightly. When the workman was polishing

the mirror, he was sometimes forced to remain with his hand on it for several hours together: to take the hand away once would be to spoil the work.

When William Herschel was polishing his mirrors, which he made from a mixture of two parts of copper to one of tin, his sister had to feed him with a spoon, as he could not leave his work to take meals. To help the time pass pleasantly, she used to read to him his favourite works, *Don Quixote*, *The Arabian Nights*, and certain old English novels.

Caroline learned, also, to grind and polish lenses for her brother's telescope. When the mirrors were cast, the molten metal had to be poured into a mould made of prepared loam, which Caroline pounded in a mortar and sifted through a sieve.

There seemed no end to William Herschel's energy. Each night, when he had finished his musical work, he would take his telescope out into the small back-garden, or into the street in front of his house, and spend hour after hour in examining the heavens.

The front rooms, with the beautiful furniture of which Caroline had been so proud, were filled with his tools and the litter of his work. When he returned from his concerts, he was so eager to get to his favourite study that the

beautiful lace ruffles he wore while conducting became soiled with pitch. No wonder that Caroline, with her tidy, housewifely ways, was in despair. She was more busy than ever; she copied music for her brother, assisted in all his astronomical work, and, in addition, looked after the house, for they "had but one servant, and she so dishonest."

Caroline says of this period :

"As I was to take part the next year in the oratorios, I had, for a whole twelvemonth, two lessons a week from Miss Fleming, the celebrated dancing-mistress, to drill me for a gentlewoman."

The other brother, Alexander, was not a very reliable assistant. "He," Caroline says, "was interested in everything new, but lacked perseverance."

It was not until 1774 that William Herschel had a really useful telescope, which enabled him to make a survey of all the stars of the first four magnitudes. Up to this time, it must be remembered, no large telescopes were made, and no reflectors above a few inches in diameter. William Herschel made one large one after the other, a seven-foot, a ten-foot, and then a "very good ten-foot reflector."

Among other things, he measured the heights of about one hundred mountains of the moon.



Figure 1. Head of a

This was done by measuring the length of their shadows.

As he was performing this operation one night in the street in front of his house, a passer-by stopped and asked to be allowed to look through the telescope. This stranger was Dr. William Watson, a Fellow of the Royal Society and an eminent man of science, who proved a valuable friend to William Herschel; he made him a member of the Bath Philosophical Society, and sent his papers on astronomy to the Royal Society.

The greatest discovery that Herschel ever made took place in the month of March 1782. Upon that night the astronomer was attracted by one star which seemed different from the thousands around. When looked at through a telescope, a star (properly so called) is different from a planet. The former appears merely as a point of light in the sky, to which no telescope, however powerful, will give a disc, that is, a size which can be definitely measured. The object which Herschel was then observing proved to have a disc, in this respect being different from the thousands of stars existing in space.

Herschel had discovered a planet. Concerning this discovery a little explanation is needed. From the earliest ages five large

planets had been well known to observers—Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn, Venus, and Mars: to these Herschel had added a sixth.

Since that time a large number of minor planets have been discovered, but, to quote the words of Sir Robert Ball, “if the minor planets now brought to light were rolled together into one lump, it would not be one-thousandth part of the size of the great grand planet discovered by Herschel.”

This planet is known to us as Uranus, in size much less than Jupiter and not so large as Saturn, but larger than Venus, Mercury, or Mars. Its orbit around the sun is a grand one, being outside that of Saturn, and taking a period of eighty-one years.

This discovery made Herschel famous: it was indeed a performance which could never have been done but for the aid of Caroline, surely one of the most faithful of sisters. She sat up night after night, making coffee for him, writing down the results of his observations, often from dusk till dawn in the winter, when the ink was frozen in the pen.

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Although on her first arrival in England she had known nothing of arithmetic, yet by patient endeavour she taught herself sufficient to enable her to perform the calculations that

her brother required. To the end of her life the multiplication table was a difficulty to her, so it is certain she had no natural genius for arithmetic, which makes her effort appear the more unselfish.

She copied out catalogues, all the tables that were required, read aloud the papers that were sent to the astronomer, and did all this cheerfully.

"I undertook with pleasure," she wrote, "what others might have thought a hardship."

In addition she sang at her brother's concerts, and had begun to make a name for herself as a singer. Offers came, asking her to sing in other parts of England, but these she refused. She would not sing except under her brother's conductorship.

George III., who was then King of England, heard of the doings of William Herschel and was greatly interested. He sent for him to go to Windsor, and to take his large telescope, through which His Majesty wished to view the newly-discovered planet. When Herschel was presented at court, the king handed him a pardon for having deserted the army in Hanover so many years previously.

George III., a man of great kindliness, took a fancy to William Herschel, and insisted upon keeping him at Windsor for several weeks. In

a letter from her brother, Caroline Herschel read the following passage :—

“Nothing now is talked of but what they call my great discoveries. Alas, this shows how far behind they are when such trifles as I have done are called great. Let me but get at it again: I will make such telescopes and see such things—that is, I will endeavour to do so.”

Then came the news that William Herschel had determined to give up his musical career, as he had been appointed King's Astronomer at a salary of £200 a year. This meant that he was to leave Bath, and Caroline with him, for he could not do without his sister.

The removal from Bath must have represented, to Caroline at least, a considerable sacrifice. She was succeeding as a singer, and her brother was able to earn a good income by music, which the salary offered by the king did not nearly equal.

“Never bought monarch honour so cheaply,” said Sir William Watson, when he heard of the appointment.

However, Caroline was offered a small salary of £50 a year as her brother's assistant. This she declared to be the first money she felt justified in spending upon herself. Although she

had had the spending of her brother's household money, yet of that she spent only a pound or two a year for her own needs, and taking that small amount cost her many a pang.

The large house to which William and Caroline now removed was at Datchet, near Windsor. By no effort of fancy could it be called even comfortable, as there was not one bedroom fit for use. The rain came through the roof; the ceilings were falling down; the walls were stained with damp, and the garden was over-run with weeds.

But the place possessed many advantages, as there were large stables where mirrors could be polished, and a convenient grass plot where the famous twenty-foot telescope could be erected.

For a fortnight they were without a servant, and Caroline had to do all the household work. She was aghast when she discovered the price of provisions in that district, and compared it with their small income.

"Never mind," said William cheerfully, when the state of affairs was laid before him, "we must live on eggs and bacon: these will cost next to nothing."

Caroline was now more intent than ever upon gaining a full knowledge of astronomy for herself. Her methods were somewhat strange, as

she never spent a full hour in study in her life. She carried a little pocket-book about with her, and at meal times—particularly at breakfast—would ask her brother questions and jot down the answers. Often her brother, who was her only teacher, was impatient at her frequent questions.

“Your little head seems to be made of sand,” he said, “everything can be inscribed upon it and everything can be as easily effaced.”

Caroline, we are told, always carried about with her the multiplication table, which she never succeeded in really learning.

Three weeks after her arrival at Datchet, she had a small six-foot telescope given her, and began to sweep for comets on her own account. At the same time she assisted, as before, writing down from dictation all the circumstances connected with her brother's observations. Even when the temperature was only thirteen degrees above zero, she did not desert her post.

Orders came in rapidly for large telescopes, as Herschel had to increase his income by making these. Caroline always helped him, and great was her pride when she was entrusted with the finishing of a very fine reflector for Sir William Watson.

It seemed likely they would have to do this

kind of work all their lives, instead of making those observations which were of such importance to science. Fortunately, the king was prevailed upon to make a grant of £2000 for the furtherance of Herschel's work. This enabled the brother and sister to have the use of valuable instruments which otherwise they could not have bought, among others being a new forty-foot telescope.

In the year 1786, when she was thirty-six years of age, Caroline Herschel discovered a comet. She was the first woman to perform such a feat.

Two years later occurred an event which must have brought to her faithful heart a pang of untold bitterness. This was the marriage of her brother William.

Although she must have rejoiced that he was now rich, for he had married an heiress, Caroline suffered keenly from the fact that she was no longer her brother's sole companion and helper. In her letters occurs this short note, pathetic in its brevity: •

"On 8th May, I had to give up my place as housekeeper." •

She was obliged to leave her brother's house and take lodgings near, but this alteration in her mode of life did not make her a less willing or less loving helper.

On 21st December, 1788, she discovered another important comet.

Among men of science the name of this busy little woman astronomer had now become famous. The astronomer-royal, Dr. Maskelyne, sent a letter of congratulation to her; foreign astronomers sent her letters of respectful praise.

The years passed, and Caroline Herschel discovered no less than eight comets, besides several remarkable nebulae and clusters of stars previously unnoticed.

Nebulae are masses of gas which lie far away from us, some of them out of our universe altogether. They are called nebulae because, when viewed through the telescope, they put on strange cloud-like forms.

A writer of this period, brilliant Fanny Burney, visited the astronomers and gazed through the telescope with much curiosity at the comet discovered by Miss Herschel, because it was "the first lady's comet."

Her description of Caroline Herschel is very interesting.

"Very little, very gentle, very modest, and very ingenuous."

She would not accept praise for the assistance she had given her brother: she was entirely without personal ambition, and

disliked praise being bestowed upon herself: all must belong to William.

"I did nothing for him," said she, "that a well-trained puppy dog could not have done."

She had for several years, in addition to her other labours, the care of an invalid brother, who lived with her until he died.

One of Caroline Herschel's works which has proved of service to astronomers, is an *Index to Flamsteed's Observation of Fixed Stars*.

To one who is not a scientist this title does not convey much, but it is nevertheless a compilation of vast importance, the result of unflagging zeal.

However hard and pinched the early life of Caroline Herschel may have been, she received, towards the end of her career, the applause which was her due. The Royal Family took much interest in her. She was visited by the Princesses Augusta and Amelia, daughters of George III.

On 4th June, in the year 1819, she received the following note from her brother, the last one he ever wrote her.

"LINA,—There is a great comet. Come and dine and spend the day here. If you can come soon after one o'clock we shall have

time to prepare maps and telescopes. I saw its situation last night. It has a long tail."

Under this note, which is still carefully treasured by the astronomer's descendants, may be read, in faded writing:—

"I keep this as a relic. Every line now traced by the hand of my dear brother becomes a treasure to me."—C. HERSCHEL.

By looking at the date it can be seen that Caroline was then sixty-nine years of age, and her brother eighty-one.

After this William seemed to grow feebler. On 28th August, he died, having justly earned for himself the title of "Father of Modern Astronomy."

Once, speaking of his labours he said with great modesty:

"I have looked farther into space than ever human being did before me. I have observed stars of which the light, it can be proved, must take two millions of years to reach the earth."

In her grief at her brother's death, Caroline returned to Hanover, declaring her intention to remain in England no longer. She had reason, however, to regret that she took this too hasty step, for she found herself, in her old age, among relatives and friends whose

thoughts and ways were entirely different from her own.

One thing at least consoled her; she received in Hanover the respect which was her due. It gave her an innocent pleasure to be pointed out, at the theatre, which she regularly attended, as the great woman-astronomer, and all notable people who went to Hanover made a point of visiting her.

Here, in 1846, Humbolt, another famous astronomer, took to her a gold medal for science, which had been awarded her. On her ninety-sixth birthday, the Crown Princess sent her "a most beautiful and most comfortable arm-chair" and a magnificent bouquet.

She lived to the advanced age of ninety-eight, her mind being unclouded to the last. One supreme joy was hers: she beheld John Herschel, the son of her brother William, attain fame as an astronomer, only less brilliant than that of his father.

An old almanac, which had been used by William Herschel, and a lock of his hair were placed in Caroline's coffin by her wish; so that in her last long sleep there might be with her some token of that dear one whom she had loved and served so faithfully and well.

II.—The Princess de Lamballe.

I.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

“Unhappy country! How is the fair green-and-gold of the ripe bright year defaced with horrid blackness; black ashes of Chateaux, black bodies of gibbeted men! Industry has ceased in it; not sounds of the hammer and the saw, but of the tocsin and alarm-drum. The sceptre has departed, whither one knows not.”—CARLYLE.

THE wrongs which brought on the French Revolution had existed for centuries. In France, the peasants, poor, gaunt children of the soil had suffered every sort of misery, far worse than anything suffered by the English villeins who arose to confront their young king, Richard II., with the story of their discontent.

The French peasants were compelled by law to labour, unpaid, upon the public roads and upon the estates of their overlords. Half of what they earned was wrung from them in

taxes which they alone paid. The nobility and the upper clergy paid no direct taxes, and did not even, as the nobles of England, take part in the government.

In the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., famines swept over the country. Prodigal living and foreign wars had almost emptied the royal treasury: nothing but starvation and slavery stared the peasant in the face, while, at the same time, the French court was famed among nations for its glitter, pomp, and luxury.

Louis XV. was hunting one day, when he came upon a wretched peasant carrying a coffin.

"For whom is that?" asked his Majesty. It was for another peasant, one whom Louis had often seen labouring in that part.

"Of what did he die?"

"Of hunger."

The king touched his horse with the spur and rode away.

In the eighteenth century such men as Voltaire and Rousseau had, by their writings, aroused a spirit of discontent in the minds of the more thinking of the middle classes. They taught that all men were equal, that kings should govern as the people wished, and they did their best to throw discredit upon the church.

The successful struggle of the American colonies for independence had an enormous

influence. It was an age of revolt and desire for freedom. In 1773, Boston had seen cargoes of tea flung overboard by angry colonists, and in 1775, the battle of Bunker's Hill, the first of the American War, had been fought.

On 10th May, 1774, Louis XV. died of smallpox in his palace of Versailles. The new king, Louis XVI., was his grandson, and was then nearly twenty years of age. His wife, not turned nineteen, was Marie Antoinette, daughter of the famous Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa. When the young couple heard of their accession to the throne, they fell upon their knees, and, with streaming eyes, exclaimed:

"O God, guide and protect us; we are too young to reign."

Twenty years before this, Lord Chesterfield, an Englishman travelling in France, had written home:

"In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France."

Such, then, was the inheritance of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The ill-fated monarch suffered for the misdeeds of former kings; the storm which fell upon his head had been gathering for many

years. He was a man of great benevolence, just and charitable, sincerely loving his people, and wishing to rule them well. Unhappily he was slow and dull, and, until the hour for saving himself had passed, seemed unable to understand that he was in danger!

Marie Antoinette was gay and thoughtless. She had neither the powerful intellect, nor the instinct for ruling that was possessed by her royal mother. She counselled her husband to unwise actions, persuading him to dismiss one minister of proved ability, one who could have brought something like order into the kingdom. This was Turgot, who, by proposing to tax the nobles and the clergy, had aroused their hatred.

A number of starving men had waited upon the king at Versailles in the year 1775, and presented him with a petition asking that something might be done to lessen their misery. As an answer, two of the ringleaders were picked out and hanged upon new gallows forty feet high.

But, upon the Court at Versailles the shadow of trouble had scarcely yet fallen: all there was bright and gay.

At the Court Theatre, with its beautiful decorations and its costly hangings of blue watered silk, the king and queen were often

seen. Marie Antoinette, herself, liked to act in certain little plays, a proceeding that gave rise to much talk.

In the park, close to the Chateau of Versailles, was a two-storeyed lodge, the Little Trianon, as the queen called it, and a pretty Swiss village standing beside the lake. Here Marie Antoinette loved to play at farming, making butter in a cool little dairy. She was the *fermière* or farmer's wife, the king was the miller, and ladies of high rank became washerwomen, beating the clothes they had washed, with ebony beaters, as they knelt on the grass by the side of the water.

All this would have been pretty and harmless enough, had there not been from twenty to twenty-five millions of unhappy working people in the country.

As the nation had not money enough to pay back the huge sums it had borrowed, France was in a state of bankruptcy. The two ministers who had tried to transfer some of the burden from the peasants to the nobles had been dismissed, although the king was in sympathy with them. The nobles wished to summon the States General, a governing body performing something like the work of our own parliament. This had not been called for over one hundred and fifty years,



The Princess de Lincold

but now it met on 5th May, 1789. The nobles little thought that this assembly would sweep them away; they did not know that this was to be the beginning of the French Revolution.

The States General consisted of three chambers, representing the nobles, the church, and the ranks below the nobles. This last, called the *Tièrs Etat* (Third Estate), had in former times been powerless against the other two, but now it demanded that it should equal them in number, and that they should all form a single body, to be known as the National Assembly.

Matters went from bad to worse, but there was no actual revolt in Paris, until the king called in German and Swiss troops to overawe the mob. When this happened, Paris kindled into a frenzy and attacked the Bastille, the grim state prison of France. The governor was killed and his head was carried through the streets on a pike, while many of the soldiers who had guarded the prison were murdered.

The taking of the Bastille on 14th July, 1789, is one of the great events of history. When the news was carried to the king, he exclaimed, "Why! this is a revolt."

"Sire," was the answer of the one who had

told the tale, "it is not a revolt, it is a revolution."

This soon became apparent. On 6th October, a mob of women marched to Versailles, shrieking for bread, and even breaking into the bedchamber of the queen. They murdered two Swiss of the Royal Guards who had been on duty, and returned to Paris in triumph, bringing with them the king, the queen, and the little Dauphin, and bearing the heads of the murdered guards on pikes.

They hoped that Louis would do something for them, and in their fierce mirth they cried, pointing to the royal carriage :

"Courage, friends ! We shall not want bread now ; we are bringing you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy."

At ten o'clock at night the family arrived at the Palace of the Tuileries, where they lived for the next forty-one months. This was a vastly different abode from Versailles, as it was only partly furnished, and altogether unfit for habitation. Indeed, for sixty years the rooms had never even been heated. Upon the night of their arrival two camp beds were found for the prince and princess, while the rest of the party had to rest upon chairs.

Now, indeed, was the time for Louis to do something ; but, alas, he did nothing. All over

France insurrection had broken out, castles were being burned and pillaged, and yet the king could not decide whether to leave Paris or not.

At last he did form a plan to escape with the queen and the two children, but the plot was ruined by the folly of the royal pair. It seemed that they could not leave without a host of needless things. Clothes had to be made, and all kinds of things packed up for Her Majesty's use, which, one might think, a woman flying for her life might have well done without.

By the aid of a gallant Swedish soldier, Count Fersen, they escaped from Paris. With ordinary care they might have reached Flanders, but this was not to be. Although using eleven horses they could accomplish no more than sixty-nine miles in twenty-two hours. Louis insisted upon dismounting to walk up the hills, leisurely enjoying the sunshine. Ill-fated man, such folly might move one to laughter were it not sad enough for tears.

At one village a postmaster named Drouet, a strong republican, had his suspicions roused by the sight of a large new coach, with a mountain of band-boxes on the top. He noted also a body of couriers in yellow livery, and quickly guessed the truth. Summoning the town-clerk he rode off in pursuit. As the

royal coach lumbered on, an unknown rider put his head in at the window and shrieked some words, probably of warning, but what they were could not be understood.

At the village of Varennes the two in pursuit came upon the coach standing while the horses were fed and watered. In another part of the same village were fresh horses waiting for the unlucky travellers, but, by some mistake, the couriers could not find them. The officer in charge, having grown tired of waiting for Louis, who was six hours late, had gone to bed.

As the coach rumbled out of the village it was stopped by a group of men posted at a bridge. These had been hastily called up by the postmaster and town-clerk.

The king, the queen, and the royal children were taken to the shop of a grocer, there to wait until the escort should arrive to lead them back to Paris. Louis called for refreshments, and was given bread and cheese, and a bottle of burgundy, which he said was the best he had ever drunk.

Then back to Paris, to the prison palace of the Tuileries, the door of escape having closed upon them for ever!

On 20th June, the mob broke in and passed before the royal family, uttering threats and cruel insults. One man carried, dangling

from a mimic gallows, a small and dirty doll, upon which was pinned a card declaring it to be Marie Antoinette. Another had a bullock's heart nailed to a board, on which were the words "Heart of Louis Capet."

Certain of the mob, however, showed some pity toward their victims. One man placed a red cap, the emblem of liberty, on a pike, and held it out to the king, who took it and placed it upon his head, wearing it for several hours. A half-drunken workman handed to Louis a glass of wine, which the monarch drank without hesitation. Seeing this the mob burst into sudden applause.

But there were strong leaders of the "Patriots," as they called themselves, who had resolved to put the king and queen to death.

On 10th August, the mob again broke into the Tuileries, sweeping through the corridors, flinging out of the windows gold mirrors, velvet curtains, articles of furniture, and the bodies of murdered men.

The Swiss Guards who tried to defend the palace were cut down and mangled by the mob.

•

"Honour to you, brave men," writes Carlyle, "honourable pity through all times. Not martyrs were ye, and yet almost more. He was no king of yours, this Louis, and he forsook you

like a king of shreds and patches: ye were but sold to him for some poor sixpence a day: yet would ye work for your wages, keep your plighted word. The work now was to die and ye did it. Honour to you, O kinsmen."

By the still lake waters in the town of Lucerne, in Switzerland, is a splendid monument, a lion hewn out of the solid rock, by the sculptor Thorwaldsen, in memory of the Swiss Guards.

Upon this terrible day the king, the queen, the king's sister Elizabeth, and the royal children, the Dauphin and his sister, left the Tuileries for ever, seeking refuge in the Assembly, where they thought they might be safe. Thus does Carlyle describe their entrance:—

"See, Royalty ascends: a blue Grenadier lifts the poor little Prince Royal from the press; Royalty has entered in. Royalty has vanished for ever from your eyes."

After staying here for three days, lodging at night in small upper rooms, they were removed to the prison of the Temple. Five months later Louis went thence to the scaffold, to be followed by the hapless Marie Antoinette, after nine sad months of widowhood. On the sufferings of the woman who had been a bride at fifteen, and a

gay, impulsive, but imperious queen at nineteen, on her sufferings, and of the trial of the "Widow Capet," as the mob called her, one need not here dwell. That once-beautiful head fell beneath the axe on 16th October, in the year 1793.

II.

THE PRINCESS.

The beautiful, the good, but the unfortunate; reserved for a frightful end.—CARLYLE.

MARIA THERESA LOUISA CARIGNAN, Princess of Savoy, was born in Turin, the chief city of Piedmont, in Italy, on 8th September, 1749.

In those days, among the nobles, it was the custom to arrange marriages between quite tiny children. Accordingly, the Duke of Penthièvre arrived at Turin one day, for the purpose of making marriage contracts for his son, a child of seven. •

The duke became greatly attached to Maria Theresa, who was a charming maiden of five years old, and still, as may be supposed, in the nursery.

Knowing that the Prince of Savoy Carignan and his wife were good and wise, and likely to

train their daughter well, he asked that she might be united to his son.

When the princess was called to be presented to her future parent, she gave much amusement to all present, by her innocent answers to the questions which were put to her.

When the duke asked if she would like to become the consort of his son, the Prince Lamballe, she answered simply :

“Oh, yes! I am very fond of music.”

“No, my dear,” said the good duke, “I mean would you have any objection to become his wife?”

“No, nor any other person’s,” was the childish reply.

When she was eighteen years of age, the princess was married by proxy, in the palace of Turin, to the young prince whom she had never seen.

When the marriage was over, she set out for France with some of the duke’s family, who had been sent to fetch her.

The little party had no sooner arrived in France, than they were met by a young gentleman who had travelled from Paris to meet the princess.

He presented himself as the page of the Prince de Lamballe, and gave the bride a beautiful bouquet, while, all the way to Paris,

he occupied himself in entertaining the young princess, and helping to make the journey less tedious.

When she reached her home that was to be, and met her father-in-law, one of her first remarks was :

“I hope my prince will allow his page to attend me, for I like him much.”

But when the duke brought forward the bridegroom, she found that he was no stranger, but the page who had accompanied her on the journey to Paris.

Unfortunately, this bright beginning in the lives of the young couple led on to dark and miserable days.

The young prince died in the arms of his father, overwhelmed by agony of mind and body, some few months after his marriage. Evil companions had drawn him into all kinds of wickedness, and his early death was the result.

The duke now lived always in one of his country houses, leading a life of charity and simple piety. His young widowed daughter-in-law devoted herself to him, and shared in his good works. Thus, for some time they were untouched by the storms rising around them.

During the bitterly cold winter of 1776, the princess was visiting the poor in the company

of the good duke, when they met the queen, Marie Antoinette, who was riding in a sledge, engaged in the same charitable work.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the young queen, when she had greeted them, "what must the poor feel? I am wrapped up like a diamond in a box covered with furs, and yet am chilled with the cold."

She then explained that there were no less than two hundred poor families whose wants she wished to relieve.

As they were speaking, the rest of the sledge party came up, and the queen asked the princess to come on her sledge and drive with her, but she, being unwilling to leave the duke, hesitated, seeing which Marie Antoinette said gaily :

"Well, I will let you off, princess, on your both promising to dine with me at the Trianon, for the king is hunting, not deer, but wood for the poor, and will see his game off to Paris before he comes back."

Although she led a peaceful life, the young widow, remembering the sad death of her husband, could not help being depressed as the months passed.

Marie Antoinette had a warm affection for her, and, that she might always have her company, made her superintendent of her

household, an ancient office, fallen into disuse, but revived by the queen expressly for her new friend.

The princess, with tears running down her cheeks, told the queen she was so often sad that she feared her society might be an annoyance. Marie Antoinette, in reply, dried the princess's tears with her own handkerchief.

"The queen took me by the hand," writes the princess in her journal,—“the Princess Elizabeth joining hers, exclaimed to the queen, ‘Oh, my dear sister, let me make the trio in this happy union of friends.’”

From that hour the fortunes of the two beautiful women were bound up one with the other, and sorrow could not touch either without harming the other.

“What happiness to be loved for oneself!” exclaimed the queen one day, her eyes dim with emotion, as she thought of the loyalty, and the love of the princess.

When children were born to the queen, first a girl who was given the name of Marie Theresa, and then two years later, the Dauphin, the princess shared in the mother's joy, and was the first to hold the royal infants in her arms.

At length, unfortunately, a slight coolness sprang up between the two who had been such

firm friends. The queen chose for the royal children a governess who was very unpopular, as was the rest of her family, not only with the people of France, but with the old nobility.

The princess endeavoured to show the queen that this choice was a mistake, but Her Majesty insisted upon carrying out her wish.

While the princess was upon a visit to her father-in-law's house an attempt was made upon her life. Poison (she believed) had been placed in the salt, which she had taken with her food, and through this she became seriously ill.

Hearing this the queen, in agony of mind, sent for her friend to return to court.

In 1785, another son was born to the king and queen. Four years later, the elder son, the young Dauphin, who had always been sickly and ailing, died, and the younger, a beautiful and intelligent child, became heir to the throne. Well would it have been if death had claimed him too, thus saving him from a terrible fate.

All too quickly came the dark and evil days. The princess was ever at the side of Marie Antoinette, sharing her sufferings, comforting and strengthening. She tried to gain over some of the heads of the people's party to the side of the king, but this beautiful and simple-minded woman was no plotter.

When the attack was made upon Versailles, and the royal family was taken to the Tuileries, the princess was in the country, staying with her father-in-law. As soon as she heard the ill news she hurried back, although knowing full well the danger to herself in such a course.

When the king and queen set out on that flight which ended so badly, the princess went on a secret mission to England, hoping to obtain some help for her royal friends.

At that time George III. was King of England, but as he was suffering from a fit of insanity she could not see him. The queen and the princesses received her kindly, but Pitt, the Prime Minister, would not promise to help in spite of all her pleading.

When Marie Antoinette heard of her friend's safe arrival in England, she wrote thus :

"In the new misfortunes that overwhelm me, it is a consolation to know that those one loves are in safety. . . . Send me news of yourself very often. The king has seen all your letters and has been much touched by them. Adieu, my dear heart. Write to me that you love me still. I have great need of it. As for me, you know that I cannot change.

"Adieu, dear heart. Burn my letter."

(For some reason the princess did not burn

it, but carried it with her to the day of her death.)

"I open my letter a second time in the king's apartment to tell you that your second letter has arrived. Thanks, thanks from him and from me. My friendship is unalterable. You are an angel."

Soon the queen began to long to see her friend.

"Come back, my dear; I need your friendship," she wrote.

Then later on:

"I am happy, my dear Lamballe, to know that you are safe, in the frightful state of our affairs. Do not come back. I know that your heart is faithful, and I do not wish you to come back. I bring misfortune to you all.

"Elizabeth has just come in and wants to add a word."

Elizabeth was the sister of the king, a beautiful princess, famed for the saintliness of her life. She shared the unhappy end of her brother.

"I cannot go out," the queen's letter continues, "my dear Lamballe, without having written to you. The pleasure your letter has given me is too much for me. I see your friendship in it. I am very sad and very much distressed. This disorder does not cease. I see audacity increasing among our enemies, and courage

diminishing amongst honest men. . . . No, once more, do not return, my dear heart. Do not throw yourself into the tiger's mouth. I have too much anxiety already for my husband and my poor children. . . . My daughter is well. You know how the poor little thing loves you, as well as the little darling. He is on my knee at this moment and wishes to write to you."

Here may be seen the name, written in sprawling letters, of "Louis," the little Dauphin.

In other letters such passages as these occur :

"Adieu, my dear heart; your friendship is my consolation and my sole happiness."

"I cannot resist the pleasure of chatting with you for an instant, my dear heart. I dare not write to you at length, but I want to make an effort, for you are my consolation."

"Adieu, my dear heart; you know if I love you and if I can ever change.—Marie Antoinette."

"I have often told you to take care of yourself; that if you loved me you ought to do so. In these times one needs all one's strength."

"Ah, don't come back, my friend—come back no sooner than you can possibly help. It would be too heart-breaking for you. You would have to weep too much over all our misfortunes, you who love me so truly. The race of tigers who inundate the kingdom would

have a cruel enjoyment if they knew how much we suffer. . . . Adieu, dear Lamballe, I am always thinking of you. You know if I could ever change!"

"Never think it possible for me not to love you ; it is a habit that is necessary to my heart."

"It is impossible to go out without being insulted a dozen times in one hour. I take no walks, and I sometimes remain in my room for days, without thinking of changing."

By all of these letters it is easy to see that the princess, if she had so chosen, might have remained away in safety. She might, had she chosen, have stayed in England, but this the faithful and devoted lady would not do. Back to the Tuileries she went, back into the midst of hideous dangers and daily insults. She was no fair-weather friend.

"You will not go away again, princess," said the little Dauphin. "Oh, mamma has cried so since you left us."

III.

THE END.

She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think within themselves: "O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman! why was I not there, and some sword, or Thor's Hammer, in my hand?"—CARLYLE.

UPON that sad day, the 10th of August, in the year 1792, when the royal family fled from the Tuileries to take refuge in the hall of the National Assembly, the Princess de Lamballe accompanied them. History tells of Louis that, as he walked at the head of the sad procession, he remarked upon the early fall of the leaves which lay withered and brown about his feet. The little Prince Royal sportfully kicked them as he went.

The queen preserved her courage, even at this moment.

"We shall return," she exclaimed almost hopefully.

The princess was more despondent; she trembled, and could not restrain her tears.

"We shall never return," she said to a gentleman who was walking beside her.

Inside the hall of the Assembly the royal family waited all day, shut up in a room called "the reporter's box," from which the debates might be heard. Now and then stray bullets came crashing through the windows, and the rattle of musketry continued all day without ceasing. Outside, fierce fighting went on, brave Swiss were being cut down, and manifold horrors were taking place.

At midnight the royalties were taken to some small upper rooms, where they stayed for three days. On Monday, August the 13th, they were taken to the prison of the Temple: they went in the carriage belonging to the Mayor of Paris.

There were, besides Louis and Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth and the royal children, the Princess de Lamballe, Madame Tourzel, governess to the Dauphin, and her daughter Pauline.

For a few days they remained together, no doubt consoling each other as well as they could. Marie Antoinette never gave up hope. Her brother was Emperor of Austria, and he, she thought, would send her help. The Duke of Brunswick with his army had

then entered France, and this was arousing the mob to a state of worse fury.

At midnight, on the 29th, a message came that the ladies in attendance upon the queen should appear before a commission. Accordingly they went, three terror-stricken ladies, after a heart-breaking parting from their mistress. She saw them go (it was out of her life that they went), in the red glow of torches carried by the guards.

After an examination the three were taken to the prison of La Force, and placed in separate cells. Pauline de Tourzel, the youngest, was only seventeen, and to her the gaolers showed some kindness. They allowed her pet dog to be with her, and after some time gave way to her pleading and let her be with her mother. Finally, the prisoners were all put together.

During this time the aged Duke de Penthièvre was working hard to save his daughter-in-law. *There were rumours that a massacre would* soon take place among the prisoners.

The duke sent to Manuel, a lawyer, and offered him half his fortune if he would only save the life of the princess and help her to escape. Manuel, anxious to accomplish this, laid his plans accordingly; but meanwhile,

the duke had been appealing to other people for help, and one of these managed to send a short note to the princess.

"Let what will happen ; for God's sake do not quit your cell. You will be spared. Adieu."

Very early on the morning of September the 2nd, the girl Pauline was taken away, and her companions could not imagine what had become of her. The truth was that Manuel had arranged for her to be led to a place of safety : he was afraid to begin by removing the princess, the most important person of the group, but he quite intended to save her.

Then Madame de Tourzel was removed, and after that an order came for the Princess de Lamballe to follow.

But the terrified woman remembered the words of the note and refused to leave. She could not be prevailed upon to move.

That day news was brought that the Duke of Brunswick had captured Verdun. The town was not taken until many hours after, but the report formed a good excuse for the beginning of one of the most barbarous events of the Revolution.

All through the long and awful night, the unhappy princess heard the shrieks of prisoners

who were being murdered in the courtyard beneath. They were mostly priests, and some were gentlemen of known honour and bravery, officers in the service of the king.

The September massacres lasted three days, from the 2nd to the 4th of September, 1792, and during this time one thousand and eighty-nine, of whom two hundred and two were priests, passed to death by a short but terrible road.

The princess knew what was going on during the first night. She flung herself on her bed, but closed her eyes only to open them again, overwhelmed by the most frightful dreams.

The next day the horrors continued, and about mid-day two officers of the National Guard entered the room and told her that she must come with them: They said she was to be taken to another prison, called the Abbaye.

The princess refused to go, but they said she must come, though she begged them to leave her in quiet.

Then one of the guards whispered that her life would certainly be lost if she did not obey; she begged that they would leave her a moment while she arranged her robe.

"You have not far to go," said the other guard.

She was taken downstairs to the turnkey's room, where two men sat in judgment behind a table on which were pens, ink, and paper.

At the looks of these, and of the other men who stood around, with blood-stained clothing, the princess fainted with horror. When her senses were restored, the examination began. The questions and her answers have been preserved.

"Who are you?"

"Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy."

"Your employment?"

"Superintendent of the household of the queen."

"Had you any knowledge of the plots of the court on the 10th of August?"

"I know not whether there were any plots on the 10th of August, but I know that I had no knowledge of them."

"Swear liberty, equality, hatred of the king, of the queen, and of royalty."

"I will readily swear the two former; I cannot swear the latter—it is not in my heart."

(At this, a guard who was standing near her, touched apparently by feelings of compassion, whispered: "Swear; if you don't you are a dead woman.")

The princess made no reply; she seemed

dazed and scarcely conscious. She raised her hands to her eyes, and took one faltering step towards the door.

“Let madame be set at liberty.”

These words were the signal of death.

It is said that the unknown friend again whispered to her to cry, *Vive la Nation*, but when the door opened, and she saw outside a heap of dead bodies and the steps flowing with blood, all that she could utter was, “Fie! horror!”

Immediately a blow from an axe fell upon the back of her head; two men caught hold of her by the arms and forced her to walk over warm, streaming bodies, while blow after blow was aimed at her. At last, stabbed by pikes, she fell dead.

From her dress, where it had been concealed, fell a treasured letter, written to her by the queen she loved.

Even death did not end that crime. Upon the poor body of that woman, who had been so good, so faithful, so loving, and beloved, were heaped all manner of cruelties.

Her head was mounted on a pike, the fair curls floating all around, and carried through the streets of Paris: her body was hacked to pieces, and dragged by that cruel mob from place to place.

In the prison of the Temple the king and queen heard a frightful howling outside, and imagined that their last hour had come. Something was held up to the window, and one of the guards said brutally, "Look out." Another, more humane, said, "Do not look."

Their hour had not yet come, the hour when the poor king should be bound beneath the axe; the hour, nine months later, when one queenly woman should bow her head before those who had robbed her of life itself.

Surely they felt its shadow when, within the Temple, a guard said:

"It is the head of the Lamballe they want to show you."

Hardly any story can be more terrible than that of the French Revolution, when it seemed as if a whole nation had gone mad with fury and passion. Men, and women too, acted like wild beasts; mercy was shown neither to age nor to youth; brave men and beautiful women, innocent of any crime, were put to death with barely the form of a trial.

Yet, from the midst of all these horrors there springs forth the light shed by many a noble deed on the part of the *aristocrats*. Parents willingly gave their lives for their children, children for their parents. Old men and weak women bore the most fearful hardships

without a murmur of complaint, and went bravely to their death rather than desert their principles.

Tales of the most splendid bravery and courage, of the most wonderful love and affection, are numerous in the writings of the period. In some cases even the hearts of the killers were touched, as when they spared, though only for a few days, Marquis Cazotte, doomed to die for plotting on his king's behalf. His young daughter, on hearing the sentence, clasped him in her arms, "with a love stronger than very death," with a love so strong that the most callous lowered their pikes and shrank back abashed.

But of all those whose stories have come down to us, none, perhaps, deserves our pity and admiration more than the beautiful Princess Lamballe, who sealed her friendship for her unhappy mistress and queen with her own life.

III.—Elizabeth Fry.

I.

Generations will come and go, nations will rise, grow old and die, kings and rulers will be forgotten, but as long as love kisses the white lips of pain will men remember the name of Elizabeth Fry, Friend of Humanity.

E. HUBBARD.

A HUNDRED years ago Norwich must have been an interesting home for well-to-do and refined people. An old cathedral town has always a charm.

A number of Quaker families made Norwich their home, and in one of these Elizabeth Gurney grew to womanhood.

She was the third daughter of John Gurney, a rich banker, whose family had come to England with William the Conqueror, and whose forefathers were "Friends," as the Quakers call themselves.

The Gurneys were not very different from other folk, and they had no wish to forbid their children from joining in innocent

pleasures. The young Gurneys learned music and dancing; they did not wear the plain garb, nor did they use the "thee" and the "thou" of the stricter Quakers. Certainly they attended "First-day Meeting," but the more earnest brethren shook their heads and called them "worldly."

The children were fortunate in having a good mother, for Mrs. Gurney brought up her family of twelve to be kind and useful, and had them educated, boys and girls, beyond what was usual in those days. Among other valuable lessons were the daily reading of the Scriptures, and the quiet thinking over the passages read.

Elizabeth was born on 21st May, in the year 1780, at Norwich. She loved her mother with a deep love which was fully returned; in Mrs. Gurney's journal are many tender passages concerning the "dove-like Betsey."

Mrs. Gurney died when Elizabeth was twelve years old, and, so lasting a sorrow did it prove, that, to the end of her life, the daughter could not speak of her mother without signs of deep grief.

The beautiful cathedral of Norwich wove itself into the very life of little Elizabeth Gurney. The rich carving, the splendid

coloured windows, the lofty turrets, all these made a deep impression on her.

To her this was a true House of Prayer, and she loved the place with all the romantic devotion of a child. It is said she took little children from the streets, and led them through and round the old cathedral, telling them it was her grandfather who helped to rear those massive walls.

Although a quiet, gentle child, Elizabeth had great force of character. She always judged herself strictly, and in after life she said :—

“I believe I had a name for being obstinate, for my nature had a strong tendency that way, and I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others and not willing to yield to them.”

As years passed she grew to be a tall, slender girl, graceful on horseback and an accomplished dancer. She joined in various amusements, but these did not satisfy her. From an early age she kept a journal, and on her seventeenth birthday she wrote :—

“I am seventeen years to-day. Am I a happier or a better creature than I was this day twelvemonths? I know I am happier—

I think I am better. I hope to be quite an altered person; to have more knowledge; to have put my mind in greater order, and my heart too."

Then follow severe remarks on failings which she thought she had discovered in herself:—

" . . . I have seen several things in myself and others I have never before remarked, but I have not tried to improve myself—I have given way to my passions and let them have command over me, I have known my faults and not corrected them. . . .

"I must not flirt; I must not be out of temper with the children; I must not contradict without a cause; I must not exaggerate, which I am inclined to do; I must not give way to luxury; I must not be idle in mind; I must try to give way to every good feeling and overcome every bad. I have lately been too satirical, so as to hurt sometimes: remember, it is always a fault to hurt others. . . .

"There is much difference between being obstinate and steady. If I am bid to do a thing my spirit revolts; if I am asked to do a thing I am willing. . . .

"A thought passed my mind that if I have some religion I would be superior to what I am; it would be a bias to better actions."

Again she writes :—

“Trifles occupy me far too much, such as dress, music, etc.”

From this it can be seen that Elizabeth Gurney was not satisfied in her own mind. The noble spirit within her was striving onward ; she was anxious to improve herself, and doubtless eager to perform some work for the good of mankind ; but as yet she knew not what she craved.

One day she saw a string of prisoners bound to one chain. They were breaking stones in the cold drizzle of a winter rain. The sight sank deep into her heart, and she often thought of those who were bound and in prison, and of the hapless women and children carried away by ship-loads week after week, never to see their native land again.

She wished much to learn for herself what the inside of a prison was like, and at length her father, after she had begged him earnestly, took her to see the women in the House of Correction at Norwich. The piteous look on the faces of these women, whose lot was so different from her own, troubled her, and she never forgot what she had seen.

Years went on, and ‘Elizabeth Gurney was still unsettled, and wishful to be leading a

somewhat different life, when a stranger from America, William Savery by name, visited the Friends' Meeting-House at Norwich, and was "moved to speak," as the Quakers term is.

The seven daughters of Mr. Gurney sat together that morning, in a row beneath the gallery.

Elizabeth, as was her usual custom, paid little heed to what was said, until William Savery began to speak. Then she listened with the greatest attention. One of her sisters was amazed to see big tears begin to roll down her cheek.

Returning home in the carriage, Elizabeth was still greatly moved. Afterwards her sister, whose name was Richenda, in describing the scene, wrote :—

"Betsey sat in the middle and astonished us all by the great feelings she showed. She wept most of the way home. The next day William Savery came to breakfast, prophesying of the high and important calling she would be led into. What she went through in her own mind I cannot say, but the result was most powerful and most evident. From that day her love of the world and of pleasure seemed gone."

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Now Elizabeth Gurney made up her mind to

be what was then called a plain Quaker. As a beginning she left off many pleasures which could hardly have been called harmful. She dressed plainly in the slate-coloured dress, the white kerchief, and the close cap of the Quakers; she laid aside all ornaments, and even gave up wearing a scarlet riding-habit of which she was very fond. She began to use the "thee" and the "thou" of the Quakers, although this was at first somewhat of a trial. In after years she laughingly related how once she lost courage and ran away, rather than meet some fashionable friends, who might have been amused at her altered speech and dress.

At this time her father, Mr. Gurney, did a very wise thing. He took Elizabeth to London and left her there with some friends, wishing her to see the world of fashion, so that she might know what it really was that she was giving up. She went to concerts and to the theatre; she attended balls, and other amusements; she met the best-known men and women of the day.

This had no power to alter her resolution. Her mind was firmly made up, but the struggle was not yet over. It was with something like real regret that she gave up dancing and singing, her favourite amusements, and she

suffered a bitter pang when she had to refuse to dance with her brother John.

There were many poor people in the city of Norwich, and Elizabeth Gurney became their friend and champion. She sided with the weak, and comforted the unfortunate. Daily she gathered together a number of poor children in a large laundry, where she taught them. This was no light task, as sometimes she had as many as seventy scholars under her care. How she managed to keep these quiet and teach them was a mystery to her friends.

One sentence in her journal, written about this time, says:—

“I would sacrifice my life for the good of mankind.”

II.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AMONG the Quakers of that time marriages for the young people were often arranged by their elders. Thus it was that one day

Mr. Gurney received a letter from a Mr. Joseph Fry, a London merchant, who proposed to marry Elizabeth. He described himself modestly : his weight was ten stone, his height five feet five inches : his family were Quakers and wealthy.

He came to Norwich, and Elizabeth Gurney liked him and was willing to marry him, although at first wondering if she would not be able to do her life's work better, if she remained single.

However, she at last made up her mind, and on 19th August, 1800, when twenty years of age, she married Mr. Fry, in the Friends' Meeting-House at Norwich.

Immediately after, the married couple left Norwich for St. Mildred's Court, London, where they lived for some while.

Elizabeth found that the family into which she had married were Quakers of the strictest order, and now, instead of being "the plain and scrupulous one of the family," she was the gay, worldly one.

However, Mrs. Fry attended to the duties of her married life, and, besides, followed up the good work, already begun in Norwich, of visiting and helping the sick and poor.

One cold winter day she saw a woman standing in the street, holding a baby in her arms and begging from passers-by, telling them a pitiful tale, of how her husband, who

had been a soldier, was dead, and had left her penniless.

It was bitterly cold, and Elizabeth Fry, taking off her mittens, gave them to the beggar woman. The next day, seeing her again, she stopped and talked to her, and noticed that the baby in the woman's arms was ill with whooping-cough. The little Quaker lady, who by this time had children of her own, thought this poor babe could not be the child of the woman who was holding it. She asked several questions, and offered to go to the woman's house to help her. To her astonishment the beggar was unwilling to answer questions, and shrank back.

But Mrs. Fry was not to be baffled. She followed at a distance, and tracked the woman to a dirty cellar in which were more than a dozen babies, sick, starving, neglected, tied in chairs and boxes, some dying.

Full of horror, Mrs. Fry hurried to her own doctor, and begged him to visit this terrible den ; but on going next day they found the wretched woman had fled, taking with her the hapless babes.

She was a woman who was paid a small sum weekly for taking care of infants, and, when they died of ill-treatment and neglect, she hid their deaths and continued to receive the money.

Scenes such as these stirred Elizabeth Fry's heart deeply, and strengthened her resolve to succour the weak and helpless. Many pity poverty and misery, but few, like this brave Quaker lady, have the courage to hold out a helping hand to raise the fallen, and to put right, as far as they can, the wrongs they see.

Among other charitable works at this time, Mrs. Fry regularly visited the schools and the workhouse at Islington.

Of her sisters one married Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a good man who did much to help the abolition of slavery, and who befriended the women and children at work in mines and factories; while a second married Mr. Samuel Hoare, who also did much for the poor.

About this time her father-in-law died, and Elizabeth with her husband and children moved to Plashet House in Essex, the country seat of the family. The change was doubtless good for all, and, in writing about it, Mrs. Fry declares :—

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“I do not think I have ever expressed the pleasure and enjoyment I find in a country life, both for myself and the dear children. . . . It is certainly to me a time of sunshine.”

•

Like many other strong and noble people,

Elizabeth Fry found delight in the most simple pleasures. She had a strong love for nature, and while living in the country delighted in transplanting wild flowers from hedgerows, coppice, and meadow, to her garden.

Primroses were, of all flowers, her favourites, and she and her children filled every nook and corner of her own grounds with them.

Even here in the country she found work to do. She helped to establish a school for poor girls, and kept it in working order. At Plashet House warm flannel garments, gowns, and pinafores were kept in piles to be given away: medicines were always ready for the sick; a soup-kitchen was established in a large out-building, and copies of the New Testament were given to all who wanted them.

About half a mile from Plashet House was an abode of misery known as "Irish Row." The priest in charge of this district could do but little unaided, and he gladly welcomed Mrs. Fry's help. She vaccinated where she could: she nursed the sick and fed the hungry; she tried to teach these poor people to be cleanly and orderly; she gave away blankets and clothes where they were needed.

Every year, on their way to a neighbouring fair, some gipsies used to pitch their tents near Mrs. Fry's home, and on one of these occasions

a child became dangerously ill. The parents sent for help to the kind lady at Plashet House, and Mrs. Fry hastened to the spot, and by her good nursing and prompt attention saved the little one's life. Her fame spread among the gipsies, who were almost ready to worship her. Year after year, when they were near Plashet, she went to speak to them and minister to their wants.

Not only at home, but elsewhere, did Mrs. Fry labour: she belonged to several societies, and spoke often and well. She was willing to work with all sects: Catholic or Protestant, Churchman or Nonconformist, all men and women working for the good of their fellow-creatures were, to her, brothers and sisters.

III.

IN PRISON, AND YE VISITED ME.

WORDS can hardly describe the horrors of prison life less than a century ago. Sad to say, England was one of the worst nations for the mismanagement of her prisons and lunatic asylums.

John Howard spent the best part of his life in visiting prisons, at home and abroad, and

died while engaged in this work of mercy. With his death passed away the gleam of light that he had brought into these dark places of the earth.

In the year 1818, Government issued a report, by which it was seen that there were altogether 518 prisons in the United Kingdom. Of these, 59 had no separate division for women and children, and 136 had only one division.

This meant that in those prisons, not only debtors but also untried persons, many of them innocent, were herded together with the lowest criminals. Gaol-fever and smallpox raged, and there was no attempt to make prisons clean and healthy. Prisoners died by hundreds, which is little to be wondered at, for those suffering from smallpox and fever were not even separated from the others.

In some places only one, and in others only two "prison deliveries" took place in the year, and, as no one was set free except at these times, innocent people could be kept from six months to a year, and then sent out to die of disease caught in prison.

The keepers were cruel men who ground heavy fees out of their prisoners. Any so unfortunate as to be unable to pay were kept in prison, although the judge had found them innocent of any crime.

One man, imprisoned for publishing religious books thought to be dangerous, was locked in a room for three days, where there was not so much as a chair or stool to rest upon. When set free he had to pay seven pounds fifteen shillings in gaoler's fees.

Some prisons were such old and ruinous buildings that the prisoners were chained to heavy logs, to prevent their escaping; others were chained by their backs to the floors, with iron bars across their legs, and iron collars around their necks. Rats and other vermin infested some gaols, and the inmates had to fight for their lives. After being in prison for one night, many had their faces badly scarred.

In Bedford gaol the dungeons, being eleven feet beneath the ground, were always wet and slimy, and on the damp floors the prisoners had to sleep. At Salisbury they were chained together, and sent into the streets at Christmas time to beg. No regular allowance of food was served to them; in some places they had nothing but what they bought, in others a pennyworth or three farthingsworth was given daily. There were cases of actual starvation.

It is pleasant to learn, in the midst of these horrors, that noble and self-denying men did their best to help the suffering. At Newcastle, Dr. Rotherham visited the

prisoners regularly without fee or reward. At Carlisle, in spite of the gaol-fever then raging, Mr. Farish visited the sick every day. At Bristol the Reverend James Ronquet was unwearied in attending to the needs of the prisoners, working among them for twenty years without salary.

Who can wonder that prisons were homes and nurseries of vice? Beer, wine, and spirits were freely drunk by as many as could afford to buy. The gaolers were allowed to keep a tap from which they sold. When any stranger appeared, the prisoners begged fiercely for money with which they bought drink.

Torture and abuse were unnoticed. The keepers often kept thumbscrews and other instruments, which they used at will upon the unhappy prisoners and lunatics.

In London, Newgate, which was the chief prison, stood in the centre of the city. All the female prisoners, innocent and guilty, tried and untried, and even those condemned to death, were crowded together into two wards. Here were poor children and infants, brought up in the midst of criminals, learning evil from the very cradle.

Round the walls were posted soldiers, who had strict orders to shoot any one trying to escape. When the women below fought and

tore at each other, these soldiers looked on laughing at the sight.

The prisoners had long wooden spoons with handles, which they thrust through the bars in order to receive money from those who passed by. If a stranger ventured too near, quick fingers plucked off any ornament that could be seen, and tore away articles of clothing.

One day, the Governor went into the women's ward without his guard. He was set upon by the prisoners, and in a short time his fine clothing was torn to shreds.

A chaplain used to read prayers daily, standing a safe distance away from the bars.

To this den of misery there came, in the year 1813, two gentle Quaker ladies, Elizabeth Fry and her friend Anna Buxton, sister to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. They had heard of the wretched state of the women from some Quakers who had spent the night with some poor creatures condemned to death for theft.

When they asked for permission to speak to the women, the Governor of Newgate warned the ladies to keep as far away from the bars as possible. To his astonishment Elizabeth Fry answered quietly:

"If thee wilt let us, we will go inside."

The Governor gave the required permission, probably thinking they would not be likely to trouble him again. He warned them they had better leave their watches outside, but this they refused to do.

They entered, and the iron doors shut behind them. Inside, the women seemed so angry and fierce that a strong man might have been excused for fearing to go near them. One woman, mad with rage, was tearing the caps from the heads of the other women, and yelling like a wild beast.

A sudden hush fell upon them when they saw the visitors, in the quiet gray dress of the Quakers, with bonnets to match, standing in their midst. Amid a wondering silence, Elizabeth Fry read to them the 107th Psalm; then the two visitors knelt down on the stone floor to pray. Tears flowed from the eyes of many to whom the gates of mercy had seemed closed for ever.

Mrs. Fry wrote in her journal this brief account of the scene:—

“Yesterday we were some hours with the poor female-felons, attending to their outward necessities. Before we went away, dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words of supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also.

I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much softened; a very solemn quiet was observed; it was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees around us in their deplorable condition."

Upon her return home, Mrs. Fry set to work, with her family, making garments for the prisoners. She had noticed that many of them were almost naked.

At this time she could pay only two or three visits. She may have felt unequal to the task, or family troubles may have pressed too heavily upon her. At all events she did not again visit Newgate until the year 1817.

In that interval of three years Mrs. Fry lost several relatives, and she herself suffered from a severe illness. After a few days' sickness, little Betsey, her much beloved five-year-old child, was laid to rest in the churchyard of Barking.

Besides these troubles, Mr. Fry met with heavy business losses, by which he was deprived of the greater part of his income.

In spite of these personal griefs, Elizabeth Fry began, in real earnest, her task of prison reform. She had grasped a truth, which every one admits now, that our prisons should be places of reform, not simply of punishment.

Others had been working in the same direction; her brothers-in-law, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and Mr. Hoare, were busy in forming plans for the reformation of juvenile thieves. Possibly through hearing so much of this work, Mrs. Fry's thoughts were turned to the poor women at Newgate.

Again she went to the prison to read to the prisoners, and to pray with them, and to attend to the needs of the children who were sick. The next day she talked to all the women who wished to speak to her.

While she was there the gambling, swearing, and drinking were stopped. Mrs. Fry had such power in her quiet glance that the boldest woman was humble before it. A young friend, Mary Saunderson, who went with her when she paid the second visit, was terrified when the door closed on them, and she saw a mob of women, half naked, some partly drunk, struggling and begging.

The gaoler himself had been astonished when Mrs. Fry said to him, in her quiet tones :---

"Leave me alone with them."

She reached the hearts of the mothers by means of the children. Seeing how she fed and clothed and tended the little ones, confined in this horrible place through no fault of their

own, the women were ready to do all that she wished. When she said the children should have a school in the prison, where they could be taught to read and write and sew, they were pleased with the idea, wishing their children to be saved from the misery into which they, the mothers, had fallen.

When Elizabeth Fry went again, she found that a teacher, Mary Cormer by name, had been chosen by the prisoners from among their number.

She had been a governess and was well educated, but had been thrown into prison for stealing a watch. The charge was never really proved, and there is good reason for believing that Mary Cormer was innocent. She made an excellent schoolmistress, and the Government at last granted her a free pardon, which she did not live long to enjoy.

An empty cell was placed at Mrs. Fry's disposal, and was cleaned and whitewashed for use as a school, although the officials thought Mrs. Fry was bound to fail in her task. However, the school was soon crammed with pupils, all children, while the women waited round the door, eager and hungry-eyed, anxious to pick up some stray crumbs of knowledge.

Seeing this, Elizabeth Fry thought it would

be a good plan to start some kind of school, where they could learn to do needlework, and listen to readings from the Scriptures.

This could hardly be undertaken by one person, so a ladies' society was formed for the purpose of visiting the prisoners within Newgate and teaching them. It was called "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate."

One clergyman's wife and eleven Quakeresses were joined together for this object:—

"To provide for the clothing, instruction, and employment of the women; to introduce them to a knowledge of the Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of sobriety, order, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it."

The magistrates of the city were amazed. They thought the women in Newgate would never submit to the rules, which would have to be enforced if any good were to come from the scheme.

However, they all met on a Sunday afternoon within the prison walls. Mrs. Fry read out the rules to the women, who willingly agreed to be bound by them. Monitors were chosen from among them, one for each class of twelve; the day was divided into regular

hours for work and play; the taproom was done away with, and the guards, who used to stand on the walls overlooking the women's department, were removed. The prisoners themselves promised to keep away from the grating that opened on the street, unless they were called there to see friends.

Mrs. Fry brought cloth and wool from her own store, and other ladies did the same. The women were paid for their labours, and with this money could buy such things as tea and sugar, as well as put by a small sum to help them upon leaving prison. Mrs. Fry arranged that they should have certain comforts hitherto denied them, but which she considered needful, such as mats to sleep upon, and blankets to cover them in cold weather, enough food and decent clothing, and soap to wash with.

Few people believed in the success of the scheme. It was said that every scrap of the cloth would be stolen, and that, after a few days, the women would rebel against regular employment.

But several weeks passed, and it was seen that order and industry had taken the place of disorder and evil. The Governor was astonished, and declared that he would not have believed such a change possible. The prisoners



had altered so much that it was difficult to recognise them for the same persons, as they sat busily stitching while Mrs. Fry read to them.

Now that the first step had been taken, those in charge were ready to give all the help they could. The magistrates granted Elizabeth Fry sums of money to enable her to carry on the work. Parliament took up the question of Prison Reform, and in February, in the year 1818, she gave evidence before a Committee appointed by the House of Commons.

The name of Elizabeth Fry became famous throughout England. Queen Charlotte wished the celebrated Quakeress to be presented to her, and the meeting took place in the Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House, before some of the most powerful people in the land. All vied to do her honour.

But the quiet Quaker lady found that she had to suffer many disappointments in her work, especially in the case of persons sentenced to death.

So barbarous were the laws that people were hung for offences now punished by hardly more than a few days' imprisonment. Three hundred minor crimes sent men and women to the scaffold.

The man who had committed a murder, and he who had passed a false pound-note, suffered the same punishment.

One poor woman was hung for stealing a piece of cloth in which to wrap her shivering babe. Her husband had been seized by the press-gang and forced to become a sailor, and thus she had been left to starve. In certain places even the cutting down of a tree was punishable by death.

Among European nations England was noted for the number of poor wretches who were hung. Many a youth suffered death for setting fire, in sudden frenzy, to a hay-rick or a barn. A starving man, who carried home a dying sheep he had found by the wayside, might be hung for sheep stealing.

Mrs. Fry did all in her power to have the law altered, and on many occasions pleaded with the Home Secretary for the lives of unfortunate prisoners. Sometimes, alas, her pleading was in vain.

But a more humane and just spirit was spreading over the nation. Many members of the Society of Friends were working hard to do away with capital punishment, and foremost among these was Sir Samuel Romilly. The little band increased, and in May, 1821, a bill was introduced for "Mitigating the

Severity of Punishment in Certain Cases of Forgery and Crimes Connected Therewith."

Although the measure was defeated, there was an eager desire on the part of the nation to abolish capital punishment, except for murder. In 1831 Sir Robert Peel lent his aid to the good cause, and worked with might and main, but with little result. At last, however, a day came when no crime except murder was punished by hanging.

IV.

To us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of the day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NOT only within the walls of Newgate did Mrs. Fry pursue her good works.

At that time batches of female convicts were sent by ship to New South Wales, and, before they left the prison, there were scenes of riot and disorder, in which clothing, furniture, all in fact that the prisoners could lay their

hands upon, was destroyed. They were driven to the convict-ship at Deptford in open wagons, and a noisy rabble followed after, cheering the convicts and urging them to further crime.

Mrs. Fry changed this manner of going. She persuaded the Governor of Newgate to let them travel in closed carriages, and she, herself, went with them.

She found, on arriving at the convict-ship, that the convicts, one hundred and twenty-eight in number, were herded like cattle below deck, and that during the long journey they had nothing with which to occupy themselves.

Mrs. Fry arranged that the women should be divided into classes of twelve : she provided them with materials for knitting, and a quantity of small pieces of cotton print to be made into patchwork, which could be sold in New South Wales.

There was no matron on board the *Maria*, as the ship was called, to direct and guide the women. When they arrived in Australia there was nowhere for them to live, no proper work for them to do. Many of them had no choice but to drift back to a life of crime.

Before the ship sailed Elizabeth Fry held a short service. She read aloud from her pocket Bible, and then kneeling down prayed for those around her, many of whom were sobbing bitterly

at the thought that they might never see this kind friend again.

From this time forward hardly a convict-ship left without Mrs. Fry visiting it, to bid a kindly farewell to the women. Very sad were some of the scenes she witnessed : sometimes prisoners came from distant parts of the country, not only handcuffed, but so heavily ironed that they fainted with the pain.

Fortunately, the horrors of the convict-ship have long been at an end.

Elizabeth Fry visited most of the prisons, asylums, and hospitals in the United Kingdom. Here she found and brought to light many abuses. In Scotland, the state of the prisons was extremely bad, and the treatment of lunatics cruel beyond words. Most of the poor creatures confined in these dens of misery were chained to the ground.

In an asylum at Worcester, Mrs. Fry saw the lunatics eating food, like animals, from tin pans on the ground. She pointed out to the keepers that this might be altered, but they said the lunatics would injure themselves and others if they had china or glass. Elizabeth Fry asked to be allowed to make an experiment, and she laid dinner on a snowy cloth, as she did at home, placing upon it, for ornament, bunches of wild flowers.

She invited a dozen of the inmates to dinner, with the chaplain to say grace. All passed off well, and they behaved perfectly, so that Mrs. Fry was able to show that gentle treatment was best for these poor creatures.

After this she travelled through the chief countries of Europe, visiting their prisons and asylums. She was able to do much good, and pointed out ways of checking many abuses. She was received by royalty in every country she visited, and everywhere treated with the respect which was her due.

Fearless, and with quiet dignity, she stood, in her simple dress of quaker-gray, before kings and queens. She told them of the state of their prisons, and urged them to be just and merciful. Before the King and Queen of Denmark she pleaded the cause of the prisoners and lunatics in their kingdom, and of the slaves in the West Indies. She told the King of France that he should build prisons, not for punishment so much as for the reformation of the prisoners.

"When thee builds a prison, thee had better build with the thought that thy own children may occupy the cells," were her brave outspoken words.

To Sir Robert Peel she said: "Thee must not shut out the sky from the prisoner; thee must build no dark cells—thy children may occupy them."

The use of dark cells and dungeons was to her a most inhuman form of punishment, and she pleaded that those already in existence should never more be used, while in the construction of new jails they should not be included. She was not so foolish as to wish that serious crimes should not be fittingly atoned for, but she urged that at least a small bit of the sky should be visible even to the worst criminals.

On one occasion while visiting a south-coast watering-place for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Fry was struck by the lonely lives of the coastguardsmen and their families, and she decided to raise a fund wherewith to supply them with books. Her next step was to do the same for some of the men-of-war, so that the men might have something to read during their voyages.

A large sum of money was required to accomplish all this, and the Government gave generous donations towards the fund.

Before Elizabeth Fry died many sorrows came upon her. One after the other different members of her large family passed away—a beloved son, many grandchildren, nieces, and other relatives—and Mrs. Fry mourned them bitterly, as only such a loving woman could. She had to suffer heavy money losses, and leave her beautiful

home, and live in a much humbler way ; but to this simple abode came a king, and famous statesmen, eager to do homage to a woman who wore the crown of an unselfish life.

For half a century she had toiled with unflagging zeal for the unfortunate, the weak, and the vicious, and she was beloved as few women have been beloved.

She died on the morning of 13th October, 1845, after a long period of weakness. At Barking, by the side of the little Betsey, who had died years before, was laid all that was mortal of Elizabeth Fry. Her name, her work, can never die.

In these simple words she has aptly described her own life :—

“Since my heart was first touched I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord.”

IV.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I.

Green the land is where my daily
Steps in jocund childhood played,
Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled very close with shade ;
Summer-snow of apple-blossoms running up from
glade to glade.

THIS pleasant summer-land was in the county of Hereford. The child who played beneath the apple-blossoms was Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards to be known as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a writer of much delightful poetry.

She was born on 6th March, in the year 1809. It is believed that her birthplace was Coxhoe Hall, near Durham, but this is not certain. The eldest child of Edward and Mary Moulton Barrett, she was one of a family of eleven, having two sisters, Henrietta and Arabel, and eight brothers.

When Elizabeth was three years old, the family removed to a large house called Hope

End, in a corner of Herefordshire. Mr. Barrett was a rich man, and his daughter led the life of a rich man's child.

Quite unlike most merry thoughtless children was this little Elizabeth. From her very babyhood her father set himself the task of educating her. He was her constant companion, her friend, and her tutor. At six years old the girl studied Greek: at nine she made translations in verse. She could read Homer in the original, holding the book in one hand, and nursing her doll with the other.

A tutor came to prepare for Charterhouse her brother Edward, who was two years younger than herself. The sister joined in the lessons, and worked harder than ever. It is possible that, had Elizabeth Barrett worked less in those early days, she might have been spared many dark hours of suffering in the years that followed.

In these words she describes her own childhood:—

Nine years old ! The first of any
Seem the happiest years that come :
Yet when I was nine I said
No such word ! I thought instead
That the Greeks had used as many
In besieging Ilium.

Yet she was hardly unhappy, for she lived in a fairyland of her own. She had a wonderful way of finding magic all around her. Not far from her home she discovered a lost bower in which white rose trees bloomed for her alone. She was famous, among her brothers and sisters, for the wonderful white roses that bloomed in her own garden. In this same garden she imagined that the flower-beds were laid in the form of a huge giant, whom she called by the name of her favourite Greek hero, Hector, son of Priam.

It was her delight to smooth his brow with her rake, and to weed his cheeks. He was the greatest of fairy heroes :—

Eyes of gentianellas azure,
 Staring, winking at the skies,
 Nose of gillyflowers and box ;
 Scented grasses put for locks,
 Which a little breeze at pleasure
 Set a-waving round his eyes.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
 With a glitter toward the light ;
 Purple violets for the mouth,
 Breathing perfumes west and south ;
 And a sword of flashing lilies,
 Holden ready for the fight :

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And a breastplate made of daisies,
Closely fitting leaf on leaf ;
Periwinkles interlaced
Drawn for belt about the waist ;
While the brown bees humming praises,
Shot their arrows round their chief.

Hector in the Garden.

One who knew Elizabeth at this time describes her as being slight and fragile in figure, with large tender eyes. A shower of dark curls fell round her face, and she had a rare and sweet smile.

Her room at Hope End was a lofty chamber, with a stained-glass window casting lights across the floor. Here, she used to sit propped against the wall, with her hair falling all about her face. Golden gleams would fall through the stained-glass oriel window upon the curls of this little maid, as she sat on her hassock reading Homer, or deep in Shakespeare.

When about twelve she wrote a long epic poem on the Battle of Marathon, and her father, who was very proud of her, had it printed. She wrote a number of shorter poems, not very good of course, but still with a certain glow, and giving promise of better things to come.

Her grandmother, who came to stay in the house, was not pleased with so much reading and writing. She said she would rather see Elizabeth's hemming finished off more carefully, than hear of all this Greek.

One day, when about fifteen years old, Elizabeth was trying to saddle Moses, her own black pony, in a field, alone, when she fell with the saddle upon her. In some way her spine was hurt, and what might have been but a slight accident to a stronger, healthier child, was enough to make her an invalid. For many years she had to lie on her back, and never again did she run about and play.

But still she studied and wrote, translated and thought. One day a great event happened in her quiet, invalid life. A blind man, who was a famous Greek scholar, and a poet by nature, came to live at Hope End. His name was Hugh Stuart Boyd, and he had been invited by Mr. Barrett to come there as Elizabeth's tutor.

He sat by her bedside holding her thin hands in his, and they talked and talked. She would read to him in Greek, and he would recite to her. This was one of the chief friendships of her life, and how she valued it may be read in her fine poem called *Wine of Cyprus*, which she dedicated to her blind tutor.

Now Christ bless you with the one light
 Which goes shining night and day !
 May the flowers which grow in sunlight
 Shed their fragrance in your way !
 Is it not right to remember
 All your kindness, friend of mine,
 When we two sat in the chamber,
 And the poets poured us wine ?

Wine of Cyprus.

When Elizabeth Barrett was twenty-two years of age her mother died. Mrs. Barrett was a woman of sweet and gentle nature, of whom her daughter said she was one who never resisted. About this time money troubles came upon the family. Their beautiful country house had to be sold, and they went away, leaving Hope End for ever.

Two years were spent at Sidmouth, during which time Elizabeth seemed stronger, and was able to join with her brothers and sisters in the delights of donkey-riding, boating, and walking. Then the family left and went to London. Here they lived first at Gloucester Place, and afterwards at Wimpole Street.

Elizabeth Barrett had now become a confirmed invalid, and spent month after month on a sick-bed. In spite of this she lived in a world of beautiful thoughts, and was becoming known

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. III

to the world as a writer of poems. When she was twenty-six, her name was placed second in a list of the famous women of those days. One noble poem of hers written about this time was *Cowper's Grave*.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the
heart's decaying ;

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid
their praying :

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as
silence languish :

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom
she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the
deathless singing !

O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless
hand was clinging !

O men, this man in brotherhood your weary
paths beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died
while ye were smiling !

II.

FROM London, Elizabeth Barrett went to Torquay for the sake of her health. After a while she was joined by a favourite brother, Edward, who wished to be comforted in some trouble of his

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own. He was next to her in the family group, and had been her closest companion in work and in play. She had studied under the same tutor with him, and it was to him that she owed her pet-name "Ba," a name used only by those who loved her very dearly.

On 11th July, 1840, Edward Barrett went out with two friends in a small sailing-boat. It was a clear, calm day, and a steady boatman was with the party.

By nightfall they had not returned ; the next morning came, and still there was no trace of them : three days passed, three terrible days, and then it was found that the boat had gone down in Babbicombe Bay, and that the three friends were drowned.

Of all the family Elizabeth suffered most keenly. She passed through an agony of sorrow, thinking that, if it had not been for her, Edward would not have gone to Torquay. Indeed, he had arranged to return to London, when his sister's grief at the thought of losing him caused him to alter his mind and remain. The shock nearly killed her : she lay near death for long, and afterwards was far more of an invalid than she had been before. "To the end of her life," it is said, "that smiling Devonshire coast never lost its bitterness!"

In August, 1841, an invalid carriage was



brought down from London, and in this, travelling by easy stages, Elizabeth Barrett was taken back to her home in Wimpole Street.

About this time her famous poem, *The Cry of the Children*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is a poem of which the greatest of poets might justly be proud, for it is an earnest and touching cry on behalf of the weak and helpless. More will be said of this poem in a later chapter.

Several years passed, spent chiefly in a sick-room, to which few besides the members of Miss Barrett's own family were admitted. Beside her bed, never weary of watching and waiting, was one faithful friend, her dog Flush.

He was a spaniel, with eyes as bright and curls as soft as those of his mistress. They loved each other with a tender devotion, and nothing could lure the dog from his post in the sick-room. In one of her letters Miss Barrett writes :—

"I am grateful to Flush, yes, grateful to him for not being tired, and I have felt flattered when he has chosen rather to stay with me all day than to go downstairs."

Flush had a few stirring adventures. He was stolen no less than three times by daring dog-thieves. Each time he had to be ransomed at an increasing cost. Six, six and a half, even

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ten guineas had to be paid before he was restored to his mistress.

The third time Flush was taken, he was snatched up from the door-step, while waiting for the door to be opened. Arabel, Elizabeth's sister, had just returned with him from a walk, and great was her surprise and dismay when, on turning round, she found the dog gone.

"I tell poor Flushie (while he looks very earnestly in my face)," said his mistress "that he and I shall be ruined at last, and that I shall have no money to buy him cakes."

Flush is a famous dog, for his name will live long in a poem which his mistress wrote, called *To Flush, My Dog*.

In these words she speaks of his devotion :—

But of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied,
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,
Pretty collars make thee fine,
Sugared milk maké fat thee !
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,
Hands of gentle motion fail,
Nevermore to pat thee.

Although so much was denied her, Elizabeth Barrett was rich in having faithful and loving friends. One of these was her cousin, Mr. John Kenyon, and through him a pleasing romance came into her quiet life.

One day Mr. Kenyon told her that he knew a young poet named Robert Browning, who had read her poems, notably one called *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*. Mr. Browning would very much like to meet the writer.

For some time Elizabeth hesitated. She wrote many beautiful letters, which may even now be read, for they have been published since her death, but she shrank from meeting Robert Browning. She said there was nothing in her to see, that she was merely a poor weed that had grown in the darkness.

But at last they met. Robert Browning, one of the greatest, if not actually the greatest, of poets then living, was brought to the house by Mr. Kenyon, and he saw and loved Elizabeth.

Unfortunately, Mr. Barrett seemed to have made up his mind that his daughters were always to remain single. Elizabeth knew it would be useless to ask for his consent to her marriage, and she feared that his rage, if he were asked, would be too great for her to bear. Accordingly, she went out quietly one morning, on the 12th of September, 1846, and was married

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to Robert Browning at the parish church of Mary-le-bone.

It must be remembered that when she took this step she was no thoughtless girl, but a woman, forty years of age.

After the marriage, Mrs. Browning, as she was now, returned to her home in Wimpole Street, where she stayed for another week.

During this time Robert Browning did not even call to see her. He would not ask for his wife by the name of Miss Barrett, which no longer belonged to her, and, if he had asked for Mrs. Browning, no one would have known whom he meant.

At the end of the week, one evening, while the rest of the family were at dinner, Mrs. Browning slipped quietly out of the house, leading Flush by a string, and accompanied by her maid Wilson.

As they passed the door of the dining-room, Mrs. Browning caught up the dog in her arms.

"O Flush, if you bark now, we are lost!"

But Flush, most faithful of dogs, did not give the smallest bark.

They were met by Robert Browning, and left England at once for Paris on the way to Italy. Mrs. Browning wrote to her father begging for his forgiveness, but in vain; he never forgave his daughter her secret marriage.

III.

. . . A mystic Shape did move
 Behind me and drew me backward by the hair ;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
 “Guess now who holds thee?”—“Death,” I
 said. But there,
 The silver answer rang,—“Not Death, but
 Love.”

Sonnets from the Portuguese.

SOME time after her marriage, Mrs. Browning went to her husband and shyly slipped a paper into his hand, begging him to read it, and afterwards to destroy it if he thought fit.

The manuscript was a collection of short poems, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. This was not a translation, as the title might lead one to suppose ; Mrs. Browning, herself, was the so-called “Portuguese,” and no other. The sonnets are now famous as being some of the most tender love-poems in our language : certainly the best love-poems written by any English woman-poet. Robert Browning declared they were second only to Shakespeare’s Sonnets, but perhaps in such a case he was hardly a fair critic.

In *Sonnets from the Portuguese* can be read Mrs. Browning’s devotion to her husband ; a

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devotion such as the world has rarely known, and one which was fully returned. The love-story of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is one of the most beautiful upon record.

It was feared by her friends that such a complete change, the marriage and the journey abroad, would endanger or destroy the life of one who had so long been an invalid. Even Mr. Browning's own relatives were alarmed at what they thought might be the result.

But their fears were groundless, as Mrs. Browning grew stronger in a most marvellous manner. The sunshine of Italy, together with the sunshine of love, changed the life-long invalid into a woman who, although delicate, could enjoy life in much the same way as other people.

The first year after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Browning spent at Pisa, in Italy. When April came, they left that town, and went to beautiful Florence, where they finally settled.

Here they lived in the delightful old palace of Casa Guidi, in which they had six large rooms and a kitchen. Opposite was the gray wall of a church called "San Felice." Nothing could have been more fitting for the wedded poets than such a home as this, and in such a city as Florence, for it was at one time the birth-place and haven of various poets and artists.

In Florence or the neighbourhood were born Dante, one of the three chief poets of the world, Michael Angelo, painter and sculptor, Petrarch, a noble lyric poet, Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter, and many others.

Moreover, Florence is a city rich in beautiful buildings.

The beloved spaniel was still one of the party. "Flush goes out every day and talks Italian to the little dogs," wrote Mrs. Browning gaily to a friend.

Robert Browning's joy and pride at his wife's improved health was so great that she had to beg him not to boast so much of her feats of hill climbing and walking, during the summer months, "as if a wife with a pair of feet were a miracle of nature."

On 9th March, 1849, a son, Robert Weidemann Barrett Browning, was born into this peaceful Florentine house. This little boy was afterwards known by the pet-name of Penini.

When Mrs. Browning next visited England, she wrote to ask her father to forgive her so far as to kiss her child, but the letter was not answered.

The life led by Mr. and Mrs. Browning in Florence has been described by many of their friends, who visited them there.

After a simple Italian breakfast, and morning

parleyings with the rosy child they both loved, the pair would separate for their work. Mr. Browning would go to a room he had fitted up as a study, and Mrs. Browning to her sofa, upon which she half reclined, as she wrote her poetry. A small table strewn with writing materials, books, and newspapers was always at her side.

At this time, and in this manner, *Casa Guidi Windows*, and *Aurora Leigh*, her longest poem, were written. While composing, Mrs. Browning used any scraps of paper, sometimes the backs of envelopes, and, when any one came in, these manuscripts were thrust under the pillow. Four thousand lines of *Aurora Leigh* were written before she showed it to her husband.

This poem, dedicated to her dear friend and cousin, Mr. Kenyon, proved a greater success than any one could have dared to hope. In three weeks every copy was sold, and in three months five editions had been printed.

Soon after this, Mr. Kenyon, kindest and best of friends, died. In his will he left £11,000 to Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Great as she was as a writer, Mrs. Browning was even more of a wife and a mother. In one letter she speaks of her little boy who had been ill:—

"You are aware that of that child I am more proud than of twenty Auroras. . . . When he was ill he said to me, 'You pet, don't be unhappy about me; think it's only a little boy in the streets, and don't be unhappy.' Who could not help being unhappy, I wonder?"

Fortunately, Penini was spared to them, and grew well and strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning paid several visits to England, but always returned with pleasure to their home of Casa Guidi in Florence, becoming more and more fond of their Italian friends, and the country of Italy.

For fifteen years this ideal life continued. In the early summer of the year 1861, Mrs. Browning had an illness that at first did not seem serious. A new doctor who had been called in suspected lung trouble, but her condition did not cause any real alarm. She, herself, was calm and cheerful.

On the night of the 28th of June, one devoted watcher, her husband, sat up with her, but the rest of the household went to bed as usual.

In the early morning of the next day, at half-past four, Mrs. Browning died. She was then in her fifty-fourth year.

In these touching words Robert Browning described her death:—

" . . . Always smilingly, happily, and with

a face like a girl's . . . she died in my arms; her head on my cheek. . . . So God took her to himself, as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light. Thank God. Her last word, when I asked 'How do you feel?' was 'Beautiful!'"

On the evening of the 1st of July she was laid to rest in the lovely English cemetery outside the walls of Florence. A band of mourners, English, Italian, and American, stood around, and in their ears must surely have sounded these words of her, who was now silent:—

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His belovèd sleep."

The Sleep.

For many years that grave was constantly kept covered with white lilies by English visitors to Florence. The white marble memorial erected by her husband over her place of rest bears the simple inscription:—

E. B. B. ob. 1861.

The city of Florence had a slab, also of white

marble, placed upon the walls of Casa Guidi, with these words :—

Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose woman's heart combined the wisdom of a wise man with the genius of a poet, and whose poems form a golden ring which joins Italy to England. The town of Florence, ever grateful to her, has placed this epitaph to her memory.

IV.

ONE reads with horror of the slavery in the West Indies and elsewhere. It is hard to believe that such a state of things existed less than a hundred years ago ; and yet, long after the negroes had been set free, there was slavery of a worse kind going on in our own British Isles.

This was the slavery of little children, compelled to work* long hours in mines and factories.

Cruel, indeed, were the conditions under which these poor little beings were forced to labour. Before 1802 there were no laws to protect women and children in factories, but in that year a slight beginning was made. An Act was passed that their daily hours of labour

were not to be more than twelve, exclusive of an hour and a half for meals and rest. Under this Act a young child might be employed from six in the morning to half-past seven at night; his working day covering, therefore, thirteen hours and a half.

But the Act did not prevent the owners of factories from keeping children at work half the night. They did this by making the children labour in relays, and the practice at length caused another Act to be passed.

This improvement was not brought about until thirty years later, when children were stopped from working in factories, between the hours of 8.30 P.M. and 5.30 A.M. Even with these changes, the hardships they had to suffer were fearful.

Up to this time the State had tried to protect only the child-labourer in the factories, although the case of the young worker in the mines was much worse. Into these dark pits boys and girls were taken at the age of six—try to imagine what that means. They were carried below and set by doors, alone, and ordered to open these doors for the coal trucks to pass, and to shut them after the trucks. This had to be done in the dark, as the candle given to them would burn only for an hour or two.

For twelve weary hours these children had to stay there, and were beaten if they cried, or if they went to sleep. All day long they were in the mine, for they went down into the pit at four in the morning, and were brought up after four in the afternoon, so that in winter they did not see daylight.

Other children, stripped half naked, had belts fastened round their waists, and were chained to trucks which they dragged or pushed along narrow passages. In most cases they had to crawl along, because the roof was so low. Some pushed the trucks with their heads, and thus, although given thick caps to wear, they became quite bald.

In 1842, a commission was appointed to inquire into the labour of children in mines. Foremost in this good work was Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, who fought for the cause until the end of his long life in 1885. He was indeed one of the noblest of men, one of whom English people have cause to be justly proud.

The report of this commission caused Mrs. Browning (she was Elizabeth Barrett then) to write her poem, *The Cry of the Children*. To fight on behalf of the weak and oppressed is the highest task to which man can devote himself. Mrs. Browning did the best that was

in her power, by raising her voice for the children, and it is partly for this that we value her poem, and partly because it is poetry of fine quality.

Another poet, perhaps greater than Mrs. Browning, William Blake, wrote a sad but beautiful poem describing the sorrows of the tiny boys used as chimney-sweeps.

It is called *The Chimney-Sweeper*, and begins thus :—

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry “weep ! weep ! weep !”
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

The life of the little chimney-sweeper was sad indeed. He was sent to climb up the chimneys and sweep them with a small brush. The poor child's hands, knees, and elbows were torn and wounded with the bricks. Sometimes going up he stuck, and the cruel master would light a fire beneath him to force him to go quickly; sometimes the chimney-pot would crash off, carrying the young sweep with it.

He was kicked, beaten, starved; he was hardly ever washed, although neglect of cleanliness brought on a horrible disease to which

chimney-sweepers were subject. It was quite a common thing for a sweep to be smothered in a chimney. These little slaves suffered thus because their masters would not use a broom, which would have done the work as well, nay, even better.

Why was the case of these child-workers so pitiful? . . . It was because they were, unlike men, not able to protect themselves.

All honour then to those who uttered a plea for them.

However, there are now numerous laws, which are always being increased, for the protection of children, who must not be employed in factories under the age of eleven, nor under conditions harmful to health.

On Sundays, no child may work more than three hours, and those hours must come between 7 A.M. and 1 P.M. No child under the age of thirteen can be employed below ground in a mine, nor must employment above ground exceed half-time, that is, three and a half hours a day, while the worker is under the age of fourteen, unless a labour certificate is obtained.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my
brothers,

Ere the sorrow comes with years?

They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the nest,

The young fawns are playing with the shadows,

The young flowers are blowing toward the
West:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?

The old man may weep for his to-morrow

Which is lost in Long Ago;

The old tree is leafless in the forest,

The old year is ending in the frost,

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,

The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

Do you ask them why they stand

Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,

In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their looks are sad to see,
 For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy ;
 " Your old earth," they say, " is very dreary,
 Our young feet," they say, " are very weak ;
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek :
 Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
 children,
 For the outside earth is cold,
 And we young ones stand without, in our
 bewildering,
 And the graves are for the old.

" True," say the children, " it may happen
 That we die before our time : "
 Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
 Like a snowball in the rime.
 We looked into the pit prepared to take her :
 Was no room for any work in the close clay !
 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake
 her,
 Crying, " Get up little Alice ! it is day."
 If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
 With your ear down, little Alice never cries :
 Could we see her face, be sure we should not
 know her,
 For the smile has time for growing in her
 eyes :

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And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.

“It is good when it happens,” say the children,
“That we die before our time.”

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have :

They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and from the
city,

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do ;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips
pretty,

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them
through !

But they answer, “Are your cowslips of the
meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine ?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine !”

“For oh,” say the children, “we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap ;

If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,

We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,

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The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round.

“ For all day, the wheels are droning, turning ;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses
burning,
And the walls turn in their places :
Turns the sky in the high window blank, and
reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the
wall,,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the
ceiling,
All are turning, all the day, and we with
all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
‘ O ye wheels ’ (breaking out in a mad moaning),
‘ Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ’ ”

Ay, be silent ! Let them hear each other
breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth !
Let them touch each other’s hands, in a fresh
wreathing
Of their tender human youth !

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals :
 Let them prove their living souls against the
 notion

That they live in you, or under you, O
 wheels !

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 Grinding life down from its mark ;
 And the children's souls, which God is calling
 sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

.

And well may the children weep before you !
 They are weary ere they run ;
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
 Which is brighter than the sun.
 They know the grief of man without its wisdom ;
 They sink in man's despair, without its
 calm ;
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm :
 Are worn as if with age, yet unretreievly
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap,-
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
 Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see,
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,
 With eyes turned on Deity.

“How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel
nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a
child’s heart,

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,

And tread onward to your throne amid the
mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,

And your purple shows your path!

But the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper

Than the strong man in his wrath.”

V.—Rosa Bonheur.

I.

On the west coast of France, near the mouth of the River Garonne, on an estuary called the Gironde, stands Bordeaux, the chief port of the French wine trade.

For nearly three centuries this town was in the possession of the English, and was the birth-place of our king, Richard the Second, whose short and stormy life ended so sadly in Pontefract Castle.

Here lived, not a hundred years ago, a young artist, whose name was Raymond Bonheur. Although he had real talent, his pictures found no admirers, perhaps because at this time there was not 'that widespread love of art, which prevails at the present day.

He had two aged parents to support, and, to gain a livelihood for them and for himself he gave lessons in drawing. Pupils, however, were scarce.

In 1821 the young drawing-master married

one of his pupils, an orphan without a penny of her own, a rare thing in France, where almost every girl has a small dowry, corresponding to the position of her father. After this, naturally, the struggle to live became no easier.

On 15th March, in the year 1822, a daughter was born to Raymond Bonheur, and on the 21st of that month she was registered before the Maire of Bordeaux as Marie Rosalie.

But it was Rosa that the little girl was always called, and it is as Rosa Bonheur she is known to-day as one of the most eminent women of the century.

The young couple made a brave fight against adversity, but somehow things did not improve; no one came knocking at the door, eager to buy Raymond Bonheur's pictures, and pupils became scarcer.

When Rosa was two years old a brother was born, who was called Auguste. Three years after another little boy followed, to whom was given the name of Isidore.

Raymond Bonheur saw it was necessary to take some decided step in order to provide more completely for these little ones. He despaired of ever making, in Bordeaux, a name for himself, or, what was more to the point, an income large enough to live upon.

He talked the matter over with his wife, and they both decided that he ought to go to Paris. In that city, one of the world-famous schools of painting, his talents, they thought, would quickly meet with reward.

So he packed up his easel, his brushes, palette, and colours, and went off to the capital, as many a penniless young artist had done before, and has done since, bent upon winning fame and fortune.

The wife remained behind with her children, doing her best to educate them.

They were bright, merry little people. Rosa, the eldest, from her earliest infancy showed signs of a decided taste for drawing. Before she could walk, she used to amuse herself for hours with a pencil and piece of paper. In other things she did not show any extra ability, indeed she seemed somewhat stupid and backward.

In these words Rosa Bonheur describes her own childhood:—

“I refused formally to learn to read, but before I was four years old I already had a passion for drawing, and covered the white walls as high as I could reach with my shapeless sketches. What amused me also was to cut out subjects; they were always the same. To begin with I made long ribbons, then with

my scissors I used to cut out first a shepherd, then a dog, then a calf, then a sheep, and then a tree, invariably in the same order."

The mother used to write regularly to the father in Paris, and in most of these letters there were references to Rosa. In one letter she said:—

"I cannot understand why this child who has intelligence should have so much trouble in learning. I believe that it is obstinacy, but she is very good. She has drawn a landscape which I send you."

Again she wrote:—

"I cannot say what Rosa will be, but of this I feel sure, she will be no ordinary woman."

Then followed amusing accounts of Rosa's struggles to obtain the mastery over her nurse Catherine.

The old grandfather once said to his daughter-in-law, Rosa's mother:

"You think you have a daughter. You are mistaken. Rosa is a boy in petticoats."

Meanwhile, in Paris, Raymond Bonheur was not gaining the success which he deserved. His pictures show him to have been an artist of considerable merit, but that was a time of unrest in Paris. Events were leading up to the Revolution of 1830, and it became daily more difficult to earn a living by art.

When a year had passed, Madame Bonheur rejoined her husband with her children. A new baby, named Juliette, brought the number up to four.

The struggle to live became intense, for Paris was a more expensive place than Bordeaux. They lived in a flat, as most people do in Paris, and it was very small and on the sixth floor.

In the same house lodged an old man who kept a small school for boys. To this school Rosa went with her brothers, and it exactly suited her boyish nature. She tells of these early days:—

“I was not frightened by having only boys for my companions, and, when we went during play hours to the garden of the *Place Royale*, I was the leader of the games, and did not hesitate, when need arose, to use my fists.”

Her copy-books were covered with childish drawings of animals, all carefully labelled—dog, pig, ox, and so on.

Her love for animals was shown early. Opposite her first home in Paris was a pork butcher's shop, with a wild boar of painted wood hanging in front for a sign. Rosa would always stop to stroke and caress this wooden pig.

She was a quaint little girl in appearance,

square-faced, with serious eyes and a long plait of yellow hair hanging down her back, tied most frequently with a shoestring.

Things seemed to be growing brighter for the family. The brave-hearted mother, in spite of the cares of a family of four young children, gave lessons in music and singing. The strain proved too much for her, however, and her strength failed. In 1833 she died, when Rosa was not yet eleven years old, and the baby, Juliette, not three.

After the mother's death it was impossible that the family could remain together. Raymond Bonheur, whose work took him from home the greater part of the day, could hardly be expected to undertake the care of four romping children. Juliette was sent back to Bordeaux, where an old friend of her mother's had promised to look after her; the two boys were sent to one boarding school, and Rosa went to another. Their father gave drawing lessons at both of these schools, in exchange for the teaching of his children.

Rosa had not a happy time at school. It was hard for one so boisterous to bear the confinement, and schools for girls were very different from what they are to-day. Often she gave way to violent outbursts of temper. These may be forgiven the child, as she had

to suffer much teasing from unworthy and foolish schoolfellows, on account of her shabby dress and evident poverty. These little vexations were hard to bear, but, fortunately, Rosa soon became a favourite with most of her companions, and was, in her brighter moments, the life of the school.

But she was not docile, and one unlucky day she planned and carried out a game of war, in which most of the pupils took part. The garden of the schoolmistress was trampled down and every flower broken. Rosa, having been leader, was sent home in disgrace.

She was now twelve years old, and certain friends said the best thing would be to make her a dressmaker. Accordingly, she was apprenticed, but in less than a fortnight returned home and declared she was not going back, that she did not mean to sit stitching all day, and that she would not be a dressmaker. She meant, instead, to be an artist.

Her father said this was out of the question, and that she would have to go to another school. Accordingly Rosa went, but in a few weeks was back again, saying she did not mean to stay at school, but, wanted to learn to draw and paint. She thought she could help her father, who was then 'copying pictures in the Louvre, the finest picture gallery in Paris.

She said she could help to mix his paints, and do many other things for him.

The father, who was rather weak, let Rosa have her own way. It could do her no harm, he argued, and perhaps she might be of use. Of course she could never be an artist, the very idea was absurd. •

There were no other girls present in the Louvre helping artists, and people were much amused to see Rosa with her long plait of yellow hair trotting after her father, and watching him intently as he worked. Rosa, who did not like being laughed at, thought of a plan by which nobody would ever think that she was a girl.

"Cut off my long hair and let me wear boys' clothes and be a boy," she said.

This was done, and from that day Raymond Bonheur was accompanied by a queer little figure, with close-cropped head and baggy French trousers.

At home Rosà worked hard at drawing and painting. Between the hours of work there were merry intervals, when she with her two brothers engaged in mimic warfare, using long maul-sticks as weapons, and palettes as shields. Sometimes in the combat a canvas was injured, and then, she had to use her skill in repairing the damage.

But she still needed to convince her father that she had real talent. With immense pains she finished a painting of a bunch of cherries, and one day Raymond Bonheur, returning to his studio, found this canvas placed on an easel for him to see.

"This is very pretty," he said, when he had examined it ; " but now you must study seriously in order to become an artist."

From that day the future animal painter began her career in real earnest.

II.

It has been said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that her untiring industry and perseverance gained for Rosa Bonheur the high position she holds among painters.

She was to be seen at the Louvre daily, from the time that the doors opened until they closed. She worked with an unflagging zeal, hardly pausing a moment to eat the morsel of bread she had brought with her.

She made studies from the antique, and copies of the old masters.

She was not tall : at the age of sixteen she

stopped growing, and remained five feet four inches in height. She retained the sturdy independent bearing that had marked her as a child. This, and her plain, almost boyish dress gained for her, among her fellow students, the nickname of "the little hussar."

Mainly through her, better times came to the Bonheur family. She helped her father to make drawings for publishers, and her copies of pictures by old masters found a ready sale. All the money earned went to a common fund, and helped to give her brothers and sister the training they required.

Auguste, the elder brother, studied painting and Isidoré sculpture. Juliette, the youngest child, was trying to follow in her sister's footsteps as an artist.

When the picture galleries were closed, Rosa would take her painting into the country, for the environs of Paris were not built upon then as they are now. This was her chief delight, as she loved nature, and the pictures she found most pleasure in copying were by the animal painters Nicholas Poussin, and Paul Potter.

She saw that her father had not obtained success, because he had tried every branch of painting. She would paint animals and nothing else.

When nineteen years old she exhibited, as is the ambition of every young artist, a picture in the Salon. This is in Paris what the Academy is in England, a yearly exhibition of modern pictures.

Her painting showed two pet rabbits nibbling carrots, and it excited no special interest.

In the same year her father, Raymond Bonheur, married again, and after a while left the Faubourg St. Honore, where he had been living with his family, and moved to a part of Paris surrounded by the country. Here Rosa had a better opportunity for studying the animal life which so much delighted her.

She was fortunate enough to find a farmhouse at Villiers, where the farmer and his wife allowed her to make as many studies of their animals as she liked. There was one Holland cow, a special favourite of the family, and Rosa painted a picture of this and gave it to the kindly woman as a present. Many years after, a chance visitor offered to buy it for five hundred francs.

"What!" cried the woman, astonished. "Why, the live cow herself was not worth that."

At this time the family were living together at the Rue Rumfort, having a flat on the sixth floor.

Here Rosa turned her studio into a little menagerie, where she kept several animals as models for her pictures. Here, before the window, were to be seen cages of birds. In a corner of the room were hens, ducks, and pigeons, while in the next room were two sheep and a goat. The poor sheep must have been astonished, at finding themselves up on the sixth floor of a house in Paris, instead of in the green fields. Every day Rosa's brothers took them out for a walk on the Monceau Plain, which was near. The people who met the sheep walking downstairs must have wondered what it all meant.

In the evening, it was the custom for the family to sit round a table, while a member read aloud one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, which were then appearing, while the others made drawings, as they listened.

This life did not last long, however. A new baby came, and Rosa and her sister Juliette left the home, there being no room for them to have a studio. Juliette went to live at Bordeaux, where she had spent a happy childhood. Rosa rented a studio with a friend and pupil, Mdle. Nathalie Micas, for whom she had a warm affection. This new studio was much larger than her old one, and stood near the Luxembourg picture gallery.

About this time, Raymond Bonheur was appointed director of a drawing school for young ladies. Here he taught for many years, and his teaching was remarkable, as he had ideas that were not then common. It was the custom, in those days, to teach drawing by making the pupils carefully copy engravings, reproducing every line, and every mark of light and shade. Raymond Bonheur declared this was the wrong method. He said:—

“One learns much more by copying a glass resting on a table, than by imitating the most skilful tones of the most beautiful drawings.”

When Rosa went to stay with her sister at Bordeaux, she thought it a good opportunity to go a little farther, and visit the flat marshy plain of the Landes.

This is a long tract of country on the west coast of France, below Bordeaux, and reaching down to the Pyrenees. Here are miles of sand-dunes, and the landscape, although flat and sad, has a beauty particularly its own.

The shepherds of the Landes still walk on stilts, across miles of gravel, sand, heath, and moor. A hundred years ago, land was so cheap in this district that a shepherd could buy, for a few francs, all around him as far as his voice could be heard. As there was a danger that

the Landes might be buried beneath the drifting sand, pine forests were planted, and to-day, from the Adour to the Gironde, most of the district is one vast pine forest.

Rosa, delighted with this new scenery and the animal life she saw there, made many useful and interesting sketches. Unfortunately the ignorant peasants did not understand what she was doing. They thought she was using magic, and would bring "the evil eye" upon the cattle, so they tried to hinder her work. One day several rough boys stoned her, and she had to seek refuge with some poor women who were working in the fields. Many such unpleasant adventures befell Rosa in the early part of her career.

There was, at this time, living in France, another famous woman, one who in certain respects resembled Rosa Bonheur, although she was a writer, not an artist. She had taken the name of George Sand, and under this name wrote many powerful books.

Rosa Bonheur was a keen admirer of the writings of George Sand, and the opening chapter of one of her books inspired her with an idea for a picture. It was a description of a thrifty husbandman turning over the clods of earth, which exhale their vapour beneath the rays of the rising sun.

Soon after she had read this, the artist paid a visit to a pupil, Mdlle. Matthieu, and spent the summer at her home in the province of Nivernaise. From here she brought back an idea, which was to make her name famous throughout France.

The title of the picture, which she began to paint immediately upon her return home, was "Labourage Nivernaise"; in English, "Ploughing in the Nivernaise."

This was painted in her studio in the Rue de l'Ouest. Her friend, Mdlle. Micas, did all that was within her power to help. She mended and kept in order Rosa's exceedingly plain clothing, arranged that she should not be disturbed while painting, and kept off all would-be intruders.

In order to make proper studies for this picture, Rosa Bonheur did what would have been impossible to many women, even to those who were not so tender-hearted as the artist. She went for a time almost daily to the Abattoir, that is the slaughterhouse, at Roule. Here she saw such terrible scenes as are, unfortunately, connected with the slaughter of animals. Engaged in the work were some of the most brutal men of Paris, and one can well imagine the insults that Rosa Bonheur had to endure. One day an unexpected champion

came to her aid ; a sturdy butcher who silenced with his fists the worst of her tormentors.

Little by little Raymond Bonheur's health had been failing. He was found to be suffering from a serious disease of the heart, which prevented him from making the least exertion. Being told, by those who had seen it, what a magnificent piece of work his daughter was painting, he was extremely anxious to see it. Accordingly, he summoned all his strength, and went as far as the Rue de l'Ouest, where he saw the "Labourage Nivernaise."

For a while he stood speechless before the picture, and then tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. Now the prospect of death held no terrors, for he had lived to see his daughter on a level with the great masters.

To one who admires country scenery and animal life "Labourage Nivernaise" is a wonderful picture. It is a perfect scene of pastoral labour. A fallow field, on a slope of rising ground, is being ploughed deeply by six pairs of oxen, dun, cream, brown, and white, the colours of their glistening hides blending beautifully. The long even furrows are a rich brown, and the sky above is clear and blue. The picture is full of sunshine and light, the grouping of the cattle marvellous.

This picture established Rosa Bonheur's

reputation in France. There was, on the part of the nation, a desire to acquire this fine work, and accordingly the Ministry of Fine Arts offered her three thousand francs, which she accepted. This sum, £120 in English money, is exceedingly small for a painting of such merit.

The picture is now in the Luxembourg Gallery.

Raymond Bonheur did not live to see the full success of the picture, as he died in March, 1849, the year that it was exhibited in the Salon. He had already, however, lived to know that all of his children had made some mark in the world of art, for, in the Salon of 1848, their names appeared together as exhibitors. Rosa had already gained a gold medal of the third class, and her pictures of animals met with a ready sale.

III.

AFTER the death of her father, Rosa Bonheur was appointed director of the drawing school. She made a capable principal, hard working, and straightforward. The pupils loved her, but dreaded her displeasure.

In one of her addresses she gave this advice

to them, advice which may well be taken to heart by all young students.

“Guard against wishing to go too quickly : before taking up brushes be certain of your pencil. Gain a thorough knowledge of the science of drawing, and do not be in a hurry to leave the school. The time here, believe me, will not be lost time. If one is given the germ of a talent by Providence, it is folly to spoil it by wishing to reap early results from it : results that have no value.”

She could not bear weakness in drawing. If the line was firm and strong, she would patiently point out any mistake in the construction ; . but if the line were weak she would be very biting, and often reduce the unhappy pupil to tears.

“Go home to your mother, and mend stockings,” she would say ; “go home and sew. You will never learn to draw.”

But the next moment she would remove the sting of the remark by a joke, or some pleasant word, so that the bitterness went, but the lesson remained.

The next, perhaps, the most important picture that she painted, was one that made her famous through the whole of the civilised world. It is with “The Horse Fair” (*Marche aux Cheveux*) that her name is generally associated.

This was the largest canvas that any animal painter had yet produced. The horses look life size, but are in reality only two-thirds. The scene portrayed is such as might be seen any day at the Paris Horse Show. In the foreground a pair of magnificent gray cart horses, with shining coats and proudly arched necks, are trotting. Behind is a colt, frightened by the rearing and plunging of a white horse by its side, with ears laid back and eyes gleaming with terror. A man riding this horse is beating it with a stick, and the upraised arm is a wonderful illustration of physical strength. On the other side, a pony is trotting quietly without any guide. One horse is being brought out for inspection, and, although only a part of the back and the hind quarters are visible, yet it is considered the finest example of a horse in action that Rosa Bonheur ever drew.

Altogether the grouping of the horses is perfect, and the colouring wonderful.

This well-known picture was first exhibited in the Salon of 1853, and every day an admiring crowd stood before it. It was a matter of wonder to every one that a woman could have carried out a work of such power and importance, and the picture brought her into the very front rank of artists.

All the honours that the Salon could give were hers: her work was, from that time, free to be exhibited there without being first examined by the jury for admission.

Rosa Bonheur offered "The Horse Fair" to the Municipality of Bordeaux for £480, but the finances of her native town being at that time in a bad state, the officials were obliged to refuse it. It was then sold to Monsieur Gambard, who paid what she considered the magnificent sum of £1600. The picture was exhibited in England, and then in America, and in both countries immense crowds flocked to see it. Finally it was sold to Mr. J. Vanderbilt for £10,600, and was by him presented to the New York Museum.

Aided by her sister and pupils, Rosa made four quarter-size replicas of "The Horse Fair," one of which may now be seen in the National Gallery in London.

What added to the interest of this picture was the story of the circumstances under which the artist obtained her material.

Some months before "The Horse Fair" was painted, a shock-headed boy in a blouse was to be seen at the Paris Horse Fair sketching among the horses, chatting to the drivers, and moving among the men, some of whom belonged to the lowest class in Paris. This was

Rosa Bonheur, who had dressed herself as a man, in order to be spared the annoyances to which she had been subjected in the slaughter-houses of Roule.

No one suspected her disguise, and, when the secret crept out, there were few who did not admire her for her courage.

After this she obtained permission from the government to wear men's clothes whenever she wished, and she frequently wore them for convenience. Her ordinary dress was, indeed, not very different from a man's, and she was generally to be seen in a long black coat, with a black waistcoat, white collar and cuffs, and a plain black skirt. Her hair was worn short, and brushed straight back from her forehead.

She was so boyish in appearance that she really looked more natural in the dress of a man than she did in that of a woman. An amusing story is told in connection with this.

One day, in Paris, a policeman noticed a shortish, thick-set person striding along in a manly way, but dressed in woman's clothing. He thought it was a man dressed as a woman, and, this being a punishable offence, he caught the supposed culprit roughly by the sleeve. Immediately he received such a blow from the fist of his captive that he was more than ever sure his suspicion was correct, and hurried the

prisoner off to the police-station. A few minutes later the policeman stood aghast to see the head of the police bowing before the lady, whose name was a household word in Paris.

In the year 1855, Rosa Bonheur paid a visit to the Pyrenees, and brought back many sketches and valuable ideas for paintings. She had long wished to see England and Scotland, and next year started for a tour through these countries.

In one of her letters she describes some of her impressions of England.

"England is really a beautiful country though a little tame. It has a rich vegetation and magnificent trees; its oaks are almost black in colour, which gives an impressive character to the landscape."

She was extremely delighted with the herds of deer she saw in Richmond Park, and when she visited Windsor. She was also much interested in the wild, shaggy cattle in the Highlands, and of these she made some interesting sketches for pictures.

Upon her return to France she resigned her post as director of the drawing school, in order to retire to the country, so that she might work in quiet, surrounded by the animals she loved.

At this time she was painting about seven

pictures a year. Orders came more quickly than she knew how to cope with them. Indeed, many critics think she painted too much, and that, had she worked more slowly, she might have done even greater things. At all events, she never had another success to equal that of "The Horse Fair," or even that of "Ploughing in the Nivernaise."

The total number of her pictures is not known, as no accurate record was kept, and several have disappeared.

There are two in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, London. One is a beautiful study of sheep, and the other, called a "Wagon Load," portrays a covered wagon drawn by six horses.

IV.

SOME few miles from the gay, beautiful "City of Light," as the Parisians love to call their city, wave the green boughs of the charming forest of Fontainebleau. Close under its shadow, half hidden, nestles the tiny white village of By, upon the outskirts of which is an old mansion, a red-roofed chateau, with a park. This was the home of Rosa Bonheur for nearly forty years. She bought it in 1860,

added a large studio, and lived in it until the day of her death.

Here she pursued her work with an ardour that never cooled. Her whole life was dedicated to the art she had chosen.

At an age when most men would be content to rest from their labours, Rosa Bonheur was still striving to make her work better, and more nearly perfect.

All day, and every day throughout many years, she laboured. From the time when she first bent her childish steps daily toward the Louvre, until illness obliged her to lay down her brush never to lift it again, she did not spend one idle day.

There were times, indeed, when she was met by a difficulty that could not be overcome at the moment; but, instead of waiting for inspiration, she turned to another picture and painted at that, until she felt equal to returning to the former one. No hour was ever wasted.

She was an early riser, believing that the best work is to be done in the morning, when the mind and the body are fresh and vigorous.

At the beginning of her career she had grasped the fact that, in order to be a painter of animals, one must be very intimate with

their habits, because a painting of a horse, sheep, or dog can be judged by one who knows nothing of painting. There is a story told of a farmer who was looking at a picture by Gainsborough. The subject was a girl feeding pigs, and the countryman pointed out to the artist that, if he wished to be correct, he would paint one of the pigs as having its feet in the pan. The artist saw the value of the advice, and immediately acted upon it.

No matter what genius Rosa Bonheur possessed, she owed her results to diligence and devotion to her art. She did not attempt to take part in social pleasures. She always had devoted friends with or near her, but these aided rather than hindered her work. Her favourite recreation was a long walk in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and for a worker there could be no better.

In these strolls she was accompanied by her dogs, while sometimes a pet monkey was allowed to join the party, and this little creature would occupy itself with leaping from bough to bough, returning from time to time, to sit on its mistress's shoulder.

One morning she was sketching in the forest when a dignified lady, accompanied by some others, came up to her. This was Eugénie, wife of Napoleon the Third, Emperor of France.

The empress talked to the artist for a short while, admired her work, and, finally, ordered a picture.

A few days after this, in the early morning, while Rosa was busy painting in her studio, the Empress Eugénie with several ladies and gentlemen of her court arrived at the chateau. Rosa had only time to slip a skirt over the masculine garments, in which she generally worked, before her visitors entered.

The empress produced the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which she had brought for Rosa in recognition of her merits as a painter. There was a fruitless search for a pin, but one could not be found in the studio. Finally Eugénie borrowed one from her lady-in-waiting, pinned the decoration on Rosa's coat, and, kissing her, said what a great joy it was to be able to bestow this honour upon one so worthy.

The Cross of the Legion of Honour is a decoration much prized by Frenchmen, and it had not been bestowed before upon any woman. Many of the emperor's councillors had spoken against it being given to Rosa Bonheur, famous though she was, but the empress was determined, and fortunately had her own way.

The Franco-Prussian war, which commenced in 1870, was a terrible grief to Rosa

Bonheur. Being a patriotic Frenchwoman, she was wounded to her heart, to behold the sufferings and misfortunes of her beloved country. Again and again did she bitterly regret that her sex prevented her from taking up arms against the enemy.

In her home at By, she could hear the thunder of the guns that spoke of the siege of Paris. With this dread sound in her ears she had not the heart to work. Her brothers were fighting not many miles from her, and at any moment a shot might still one brave heart.

When famine came to add to the horror of war, Rosa distributed, among her poor neighbours, a number of sacks of corn that had been sent to her from Odessa. When the Prussian army encamped at Fontainebleau, she refused to leave her home, although friends pointed out the danger of remaining. Prince Frederick Charles was a sincere admirer of her pictures, and accordingly he sent, by the hand of an aide-de-camp, an order that her home should be unmolested by the Prussian soldiery.

The courageous artist read the paper, and slowly tore it into fragments.

"That is my answer," she said.

She refused to receive protection from the hand of one of her country's enemies.



E.W.

Rosa Bocheur.

7.

The war dragged on to its weary close, and, as all the world knows, France suffered a crushing defeat, having to pay a large sum of money as war indemnity, and cede to Germany Alsace, and the north-east part of Lorraine.

Prince Frederick Charles wished to visit Rosa Bonheur, but she refused to receive him. He went to her studio and saw the pictures there, but he did not ask to see the artist. Probably he respected the patriotism that made it impossible for her to meet, in friendship, one of the conquerors of her country.

Shortly after this Rosa turned her attention to the study of lions and tigers, and during the next ten years painted little else. "The Lion at Home," is a magnificent picture, one of the many painted about this time. Some admirer presented her with a pair of lion cubs, but, the villagers being terrified at their roaring, and affraid to venture out at night lest they should have broken loose, Rosa had to give the animals to the Zoological Garden at Paris, which bears the name of *Jardin des Plantes*.

The first model she had was an old lion named Nero, a very great pet, quite tame and gentle.

Having to go abroad, she placed her pet in the *Jardin des Plantes*. She had been away for a long time, and, on returning to Paris, she went to visit Nero.

She found the old lion blind, ill, and torpid, lying motionless in his cage, refusing to eat, refusing to notice any one.

Rosa called him by his name. Recognising the voice of his beloved mistress, the poor creature, weak and dying as he was, roused himself with a mighty effort, and hurled himself against the bars with so much force that he fell senseless.

Shortly afterwards he died with his head in her lap, his last movement being a feeble effort to lick her hands.

Various admirers sent to the painter presents of living animals. From America came a pair of bronchos, and from elsewhere wild deer for her park. Her kennels were filled with dogs, and her stables with horses. In the sunniest part of her garden* was to be seen a parrot, seventy years old, in an enormous cage.

As years went on, Rosa Bonheur felt obliged to part with most of these animals, as she was no longer able to give them proper care and attention. The only carriage she ever drove in was an old-fashioned roomy basket phaeton,

drawn by two little cobs. A shaggy St. Bernard dog was her constant companion.

As she passed middle age, the health of Mdle. Micas rapidly failed, to the grief of Rosa Bonheur, who was devoted to her friend. Every winter she took the invalid to the south of France for the sake of her health, but, in the year 1889, Mdle. Micas died. Another friend and pupil, Miss Anna Klumpke, an American, went to live with the artist, and remained with her until her death.

In 1899, Rosa Bonheur again exhibited in the Salon. Her picture was "A Cow and Bull of Auvergne" (*Vache et Taureau d'Auvergne*).

While admiring crowds stood round, applauding the woman who, in her seventy-seventh year, had the industry and the talent to paint this picture, the artist herself was struck down with congestion of the lungs. No sooner did the tidings reach Paris than the sorrowful news followed that Rosa Bonheur was no more.

She died at By on the night of 25th May, a woman who had received all the honour that her country could bestow, a woman beloved by all who knew her.

In these days, owing to the wonderful skill of the engraver, it is possible for thousands of persons, who will never be able to visit the

Luxembourg, or even the Wallace Collection in London, to obtain some idea of Rosa Bonheur's art.

There are splendid engravings of some of her finest pictures, and it is possible to purchase for a few shillings reproductions in black and white of "The Horse Fair," "Ploughing with Oxen," "Hay-making in Auvergne," besides numerous others not so well known. In all of them, even those of us who understand pictures the least will readily perceive her special merit, the ability to depict spirited action in living animals.

VI.—Agnes Weston.

I.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow :
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

CAMPBELL.

WITH the growth of Britain's Empire so has her naval power increased. Indeed, it may justly be said that without a strong navy the Empire could not exist.*

A strong fleet is the principal safeguard of this country, and its chief task has been, and must be, defence.

In considering the growth of the navy, we must go back many many years, right to the middle of the fifth century, to the time of the first coming of the Saxons.

It was by the possession of sea power that the Angles and other Teutonic kinsfolk were able to invade this country. Their long black boats were seen at the mouths of the rivers, and a wild panic struck into the hearts of the inhabitants, who knew well what horrors would follow : the firing of homesteads, the slaughter of men, women driven off to slavery, children tossed on pikes, or taken to be sold in the market-places of strange lands.

When once they had established themselves firmly, the English forgot the power by which they had been able to arrive and conquer. This was a fatal error, as they found three centuries later, when unable to withstand the attacks of another sea-faring race, the Danes.

From the fiords of Scandinavia, and from the islands and coasts of the Baltic, other fleets swept down upon the shores of England. The "Vikings," or "Creekmen," were at first more than a match for the Saxons, and it remained for Alfred to grapple with them successfully. He created a fleet which he steadily developed, so that in the reign of his son a fleet of a hundred ships held the mastery of the Channel.

Edward the Elder (Alfred's son), Athelstan, Edgar, and even Ethelred the Unready followed this wise policy ; but Sweyn, King of Denmark,

and his son Canute had a navy against which that of the Saxons was almost powerless.

Canute was chosen king by "all the fleet," and was therefore the first sea-king of England.

In 1066, when William of Normandy landed upon the shore of Pevensey Bay, one might wonder what England's fleet was doing ; but just at that moment Harold Hadrada, and Tostig, the treacherous brother of Harold Godwinsson, had gained possession of the north-eastern coast by the aid of their ships, and the few vessels that Harold commanded had already hastened up the North Sea.

The principal lesson of this period is that the Norman invasion was made possible through the possession of sea power.

During the time of the Plantagenet kings the navy increased in strength, and in the reign of Henry III. the Battle of Dover Straits, 1216, may be noted as being the first of those sea-fights that have played so important a part in our history. Hubert de Burgh, who was in command, earned thereby a place among England's naval heroes.

France was then the enemy against whom the English were most often at war : just as the seamen of the Cinque Ports visited and burned Boulogne, so did the Frenchmen visit with

fire and sword Portsmouth, Dover, and other harbours of the Channel.

In the reign of Edward III. the Battle of Sluys, 1340, gave the English command of the Channel, and made possible the victories of Crécy and Poitiers. Unfortunately, the strength of the English navy was not maintained, and disaster followed, so that the French were able to ravage Winchester, and destroy Portsmouth by fire. It was left to Henry V. to restore the fleet to a reasonable strength.

But never did our navy gain a fuller impetus than at the time of the memorable discoveries, when Columbus, Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco da Gama, and the Cabots wrote their names large on the book of fame.

The discovery of the New World made a complete change in the Old, and to that the expansion of our race and the growth of our navy are due. In the reigns of Henry VII., and of Henry VIII. and his children, the aim of Englishmen was to gain for their country as much as still remained of unoccupied and unclaimed lands beyond the seas, and this could not be done without warships.

Out of this desire grew the struggle with Spain, in which one of the chief events was the destruction of the "Invincible Armada." England was awaking to the fact that against the foreign



"The grog tub was rolled out."

Page 1

enemy maritime strength must be her mainstay. This truth was forgotten at a later date.

The seamen of the Elizabethan age—Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Frobisher, Grenville, and a host of others—won renown such as no other age has known. In spite of their gallant deeds and their daring chivalry, most of their voyages were undertaken from motives of plunder, and the gentlemen buccaneers, who began by preying upon the property of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, ended by obtaining high positions in the royal navy.

Such men as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert had other and more worthy aims, for they saw, even though dimly, that colonies were needed for the growth and safety of the Empire.

During the time of the Stuarts, the Dutch took the place of the Spaniards as the national enemy. The noble seamen of the Elizabethan age had given place to a much lower class. A writer of this period declares that "the navy is for the greatest part manned with aged, impotent, vagrant, and disorderly companions: it is become a ragged regiment of common rogues."

It was the question of "Ship Money" that proved so disastrous to Charles I. He

understood the value of placing larger fleets in the Channel to hold their own against the Dutch, and it was partly through trying to gain the needed supplies in an unlawful manner that he lost his crown, and finally his life.

Although Charles I. built a superior class of ships, yet he manned and provisioned the fleet so badly that a commander wrote in the year 1629 :—

“The men voice the king’s service worse than a galley slavery.”

To Cromwell is due the glory of making England mistress of the seas. During his rule the English Admiral Blake forced the Dutch to recognise the supremacy of the English flag. The admiral of the Dutch fleet, Van Tromp, as he sailed up the Channel, had nailed to his masthead a broom, in token that he intended to sweep the English from the seas.

As a reply, Blake hoisted a whip, and forced the enemy to withdraw the proud boast.

But in the reign of Charles II. things speedily changed: the English seamen had hard work to get the pay owing to them, and, moreover, they were no longer well fed and clothed, but were half-starved on poor and mouldy rations, while the king spent the money on his own selfish and wicked pleasures. The result was general discontent, and the Dutch were

thus enabled to sail up the Thames, and to burn the English shipping within sight of London.

Many English sailors deserted to the Dutch ships, and, when within hearing, cried to their former companions :

“ When we were on your side we were starved and unpaid, now we have both food and pay. Come over and join us.”

As time went on, the Dutch became weaker, until they were no longer an enemy to be feared. The French succeeded them as our rivals, both in the New World and the Old.

The story of the long and weary struggle with European powers, chiefly France, cannot be told here, but it is well to notice that her navy protected Great Britain, and, in the end, gave her the victory.

At this period the British Empire grew as it had never grown before. When the struggle began, Britain was one of the sea powers ; when it ended, she was *the* sea power without any second.

A long naval war with France ended with Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, in 1805, when Napoleon's planned invasion of England was completely stopped. The names of Nelson and Collingwood are bright with unfading lustre, and may be ranked with those of Drake and

Blake, as preservers of the British Empire and her sovereignty on the seas.

Since that time Britain's naval supremacy has been so assured as to need no history.

In Portsmouth Harbour may still be seen the *Victory*, Nelson's ship, on which he was shot, and on which he died. It is a sight that should appeal to every Briton, a glorious memento of the wooden walls of England, which defended her honour, and her very existence as a nation in years gone by.

II.

TO-DAY it is good to call to mind the life-history of certain women, who, by bending their energies in one direction, have gained a success that would otherwise have been denied them.

The field of the world is too large for any one man or woman to effect much by aimless striving. To resolve exactly upon what is to be one's life-work is the first step towards its accomplishment.

There are few who know anything about the British navy to whom one name is not familiar, the name of an earnest helpful woman, Agnes Weston, the Sailor's Friend.

That is a title of which to be proud indeed : it is no small thing to be a friend.

Agnes Weston was born in London in the year 1840. Her father was a barrister, a man of considerable knowledge and attainments. While Agnes was yet a child, the family removed to Bath, one of the most historical and beautiful towns of England.

There is little that is remarkable to relate of Miss Weston's girlhood. She was strong and healthy in mind and body ; her chief delight was in music, and she was an expert performer upon the organ.

She felt no desire to lead a life of idleness, or of mere pleasure-seeking, and one of the first duties that she took upon herself was that of visiting the patients in the Bath United Hospital. This work proved so successful that she was granted permission to deliver a short gospel address weekly, in each of the men's wards. At the end of the address she would go round from 'bed to bed, speaking to each man, and giving him some small gift of flowers, fruit, or books.

To the dying, Miss Weston carried words of hope and love ; she did not shrink from the worst cases, and was present at the bedsides of the victims of any accident. Nothing kept her back from her self-appointed tasks, for

her courage was as high as her charity was large.

She taught in Sunday-school, and took, in turn, every unruly class, restoring order to each, and imparting a new zest to lessons by her teaching. When she took the class of senior boys, she felt that here was a field for her full powers. The class grew to a tremendous size, working men joined, even married men, until at last it numbered over one hundred members.

After a while she rented a mission-room, and here held working men's Bible-classes and prayer meetings, temperance and band of hope work.

The temperance work she carried on was of immense value, but one day a striking incident occurred which can be related best in her own words :—

“I had been working in the temperance cause for some time, inviting others to follow a course which I had not entered upon myself, when suddenly I was pulled up short in a very unlooked-for and unmistakable way. At the close of one of our temperance meetings, a desperate drunkard came up to me wishing to sign the pledge. He was a chimney-sweeper, and well known to us all. I was eager to get hold of him, knowing his past history, but, as

he took the pen in hand, he suddenly looked up into my face, and said inquiringly :

“‘If you please, Miss Weston, be you a teetotalter?’

“Somewhat disconcerted by this direct appeal, I replied that ‘I only took a glass of wine occasionally, of course in strict moderation’; upon which he laid down the pen, and said :

“‘Well, I think that I will do just as you say, take a glass sometimes in strict moderation.’

“No entreaties of mine could prevail upon him to sign the total abstinence pledge, neither could he keep within the bounds of moderation; he went back to his old life, saying that ‘he would do as the lady did.’

“That night,” she adds, “I saw my duty very plainly, and I enrolled my name in the pledge book, heartily wishing that I had done so before this poor fellow came forward.”

There was another branch of work into which Agnes Weston threw herself with activity. The 2nd Somerset Militia assembled every year at Bath for training, and she was instrumental in the opening of coffee and reading rooms which were highly appreciated. She arranged evening meetings, at which songs were sung and readings and addresses given,

and she also held a very flourishing Sunday Bible-class.

At the close of the training the militiamen were all drawn up on the parade ground, and Miss Weston, having spoken a few simple but stirring words to them as a whole battalion, passed from rank to rank giving each man a Testament.

In this earnest, hard-working life Agnes Weston had a watchword, which helped her to accomplish much :

“Do the next thing.”

III.

As it is with sailors particularly that the name of Agnes Weston is associated, it is interesting to learn how she first began that which proved to be her life-work.

When about twenty-eight years of age, she wrote a friendly letter to a soldier going to India with his regiment, in H.M.S. *Crocodile*. The letter was so kind that the man could not forbear showing it to a friend, a seaman. When he had read it, the sailor handed it back with wistful eyes, saying :

“That is good : we poor fellows have no such friend. Do you think that the lady would



E. W.

Agua, W. 50m.

write to me? I would give anything to receive a letter like that."

He was honest and sincere. A sailor, separated as he must so often be from his family and home, must feel lonely, and the letter, written as Agnes Weston knew how to write, touched a tender chord in his heart. He must have gladdened at the soldier's confident answer :

"I am sure she will. I will write and ask her."

The promise was kept, and the soldier wrote from Suez to Miss Weston, who rejoiced at the opportunity of doing a service, and sent the required letter at once.

The sailor was grateful, and, when writing in reply, he gave the names of several other sailors who would be glad of a letter. Miss Weston soon had a very large circle of sailor correspondents.

To one on shore a letter may seem a small thing, but to a sailor it is very precious. It is a link with the old country.

In time, Miss Weston found it impossible to cope with the request for written letters, and printed ones were sent out monthly, until the circulation reached the huge figure of fifty-five thousand.

The title now reads :—

"A Monthly Letter addressed to the Seamen,

Marines, and Marine Artillery of the Royal Navy at home and abroad."

These letters have travelled far north, to the coldest regions of the frigid zone. When the last Arctic expedition left Portsmouth, the seamen took with them two small chests full of letters written in advance. One chest went on board H.M.S. *Alert*, and the other on board H.M.S. *Discovery*, and each month a packet was taken out and read.

In the course of her coming and going among the men of the navy, Miss Weston discovered that there was pressing need of temperance work. As everybody who has been in any of the naval ports knows, strong drink has been one of the snares of the Service. The sailors of the British navy are renowned throughout the world as fine stalwart men, but in the olden days, at least, Jack ashore was rather prone to heavy drinking.

In the year 1873, Agnes Weston undertook to superintend the work of the National Temperance League in the navy.

In order to influence the men, it was necessary that she should speak to them on the ships; but at first it was difficult to obtain permission. However, this was gained, and Miss Weston held meetings on board ships of war by permission of the commanders.

She spoke to the men always very simply, warning them of the evil wrought by drink, and of the poverty and disease it brought in its train. Hundreds of sailors signed the pledge:

One amusing incident is thus described by Agnes Weston:—

“I found myself one day on board H.M.S. *Topaze*, of course by the kind permission of the commander. He was most interested in the proceedings, and was present himself; the crowd of Blue Jackets were grouped before me on the lower deck. After addressing them, anxious not to lose an opportunity of taking the names of those who wished to enrol themselves on the *Topaze's* books, I asked permission to do so, which was freely granted; but the difficulty still to be solved was the want of a table. I looked round, and seeing, as I supposed, a bread-tub with its bright polished bands standing near, I asked whether I might be allowed to use it as a table.

“‘Certainly,’ was the answer, with a smile; ‘but it’s the first time it has been put to such a use. Now, men, a couple of hands to roll out the *grog-tub*.’

“Amidst cheers and laughter the *grog-tub* was rolled out, and a capital table it made, on which more than sixty enrolled their names.

One young sailor came forward and signed his name; after doing so he laid down the pen, and, significantly rapping the tub with his knuckles, said, 'There goes a nail in your coffin, old fellow!'

"After all that wished to do so had entered their names, the commander took up the book, and, running his eye down the lists, significantly added, 'Sixty odd nails to-day; if they all hold firm I won't give much for the old grog-tub's life.'"

This work was continued and has borne good fruit. To-day there is a temperance branch on board every ship in the Service. Nearly ten thousand seamen have signed the pledge, and there are considerably over two hundred branches in all. This means much: it means that to many a gallant sailor have been given health, happiness, and honour: it means that into many homes, which might have been rendered desolate by the curse of drunkenness, peace has entered.

IV.

As a naval port, with a royal dockyard, Devonport ranks next to Portsmouth. It is situated at the mouth of the beautiful river Dart, in one of the most picturesque parts of England, while close to it is the famous historic port of Plymouth.

Miss Weston decided that this was a fitting field for labour, no less than the royal town of Portsmouth.

While staying with a friend at Devonport, she noticed that a large number of sailor lads from the training ships spent their Sunday afternoons in loitering about, or getting into bad company.

This seemed a state of affairs calling for remedy, and with her usual decision Miss Weston inquired among officers in the Service, whether it was possible to gather these young sailor lads together on Sundays for singing and reading.

The officers told her that, when on leave, these lads preferred to be left to their own devices.

"They are as restless when ashore as birds let out of a cage; they like to roam about, and you will never be able to collect them."

But Miss Weston resolved to persevere, and

carry out her plan if possible. Accordingly she sent notices to be distributed among the lads that she wished them to meet her on Sunday afternoons, in a large public room which she had hired.

The result was certainly depressing, for, although she waited hour after hour, only one shy lad appeared, and he was so alarmed at finding himself the sole visitor that he made off as quickly as he could.

Four Sundays were spent in this manner, Miss Weston waiting for the sailor lads, who evidently had no desire for either the singing or the reading. Then, like a wise general to whom defeat only shows the path to future victories, she determined to recast her plans.

A generous friend offered the use of her kitchen for the Sunday meetings, together with a promise of tea and cake for those who attended. Other kindly helpers went out to look for the boys, intending to bring them back to the warm kitchen.

A dozen accepted the invitation, and a pleasant hour was passed with singing and Bible reading. So complete was their enjoyment that they readily promised to go again. The meeting was repeated, and, after a few Sundays, the kitchen was so crowded that the visitors had to sit on the dresser, on the window ledge, and even within

the grate. At last a large public room was secured, and here Miss Weston held her Sunday afternoon meetings. Very amusing is her account of an incident connected with this work.

“On one occasion, about two hundred boys were assembled, and I was to address them. While occupied in singing they were pretty quiet, but the reading and speaking were to follow. I was not then as experienced as I am now in the art of dealing with sailor boys, and I forgot that the cardinal point is first to engage their attention.

“I opened my Bible, searched for chapter and verse, while my audience, not being interested, began to think of beating a retreat. I heard a slight noise, looked up, and the whole assembly was in motion,—some running over the backs of the benches like cats, some slipping underneath. In less than a minute the room was cleared, except about a dozen on the front bench, who had not been quick enough to fall in with the rest. I was of course put on my mettle to keep this small remnant of the scattered forces, and did so.”

“The sailor boys had taught me a most valuable lesson,—that the grand thing is to get the attention of your audience; and I must say for our lads that once gain their attention, a more interested audience cannot be met with.”

One good work successfully accomplished, fresh fields followed as a matter of course. As the result of repeated requests, Miss Weston had to consider seriously whether she should open a large place, free from the sale of intoxicating drinks, which the seamen and boys could make their home when ashore. Help came from unexpected quarters, and at length, in the year 1874, Agnes Weston and her helpers were able to open a large Sailors' Rest, at the very gates of the dockyard at Devonport.

Close by, in the place where the building stands, had been a row of five public houses "ready to swallow up any man as soon as he came out."

That which was needed in Devonport was needed in Portsmouth also, and in the year 1879 the Portsmouth Royal Sailors' Rest was opened.

Miss Weston had a devoted friend and co-worker, Miss Wintz, and together they accomplished much. It is well to know that in times of calamity, such as the loss of a man-of-war with all hands, many desolate widows and orphans had to turn for their bread to Miss Weston and her workers. Naval seamen have to buy their own uniform, and more often than not start their cruise in debt to the Government.

If the husband is lost at sea no money or pension

reaches the widow or children for a long time, and on many occasions, such as that of the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, with all on board, in the year 1890, and the loss of the *Victoria* in 1893, Miss Weston stood between hundreds of families and starvation, by promptly administering a fund she had raised.

The loss of H.M.S. *Victoria* is a tragic event in the history of the navy, but one which shows clearly the wonderful discipline and splendid courage of our men.

In the month of June 1893, a fleet of thirteen men-of-war was executing certain manœuvres on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, off the coast of Syria. By some fearful mistake an order was given that could not possibly be carried out. There was some hesitation, and Admiral Markham, on board the *Camperdown*, signalled to the chief-in-command that he did not clearly understand the order. It was, however, obeyed, with the result that the ram of the *Camperdown* crashed into the *Victoria*, and cut that vessel partly in two.

The scene that followed was one that ranks with the Charge of the Light Brigade and the loss of the *Birkenhead*. One and all the sailors stood at their posts on the deck, the ship's head was pointed toward the shore ; but, in a moment, giving a lurch, she turned completely bottom

upward, her stern rising high in the air with the screws madly spinning. Then, before the horror-stricken eyes of the beholders, she sank, carrying with her all her people. Many rose to the surface, only to be sucked down again, but the boats of the fleet at extreme peril to themselves rushed to the rescue and saved 291 lives. The commander-in-chief, Admiral Tryon, perished, and 386 men with him.

In England the news brought desolation, and in some cases actual destitution, to many a mother and wife.

At this crisis Agnes Weston's energy and helpfulness shone forth like a beacon light. To her it was given to dry the tears of many that mourned, to comfort aching hearts, and to feed the hungry.

She undertook to give out immediate relief, and worked her Sailors' Rest as a food depot and a pay office: she distributed money that was sent to her, and pensioned the widows until they obtained help from the Government.

Such noble efforts as Miss Weston's could not but attract the attention of all 'classes, and she received many royal and private messages thanking her for her kindness of heart, and her unwearying labours.

After the sad calamity, she resolved to use all her influence in the formation of a "Widows'

Pension Fund," or a "National Insurance Fund," so that a man of the royal navy, whether blue-jacket or marine, might, by insuring his life, have the comfort of knowing that his dependents would have something to fall back upon in the event of his death.

When H.M.S. *Serpent* went down, Miss Weston was actively associated with the relief Committee in caring for the numerous families left totally unprovided for. The large sum of £13,000 was distributed, and much distress averted, while the sailor's friend discovered another outlet for her energy.

This was the opening of an employment bureau, by means of which naval pensioners, but more particularly the wives and widows of sailors, are provided with work. This new scheme was not without its difficulties, as it was found that, while the women were quite willing to work, many were unable to do anything by which money can be earned.

To remedy this was Miss Weston's next care, and now many ladies devote certain portions of each week to teaching these women to sew and make garments, the material for which is provided by the Royal Needlework Guild, of which H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is the president.

Two years before the death of the late Queen

Victoria, Her Majesty received Miss Weston at Windsor, to hear from her own lips the story of the Royal Sailors' Rests.

In these words Agnes Weston describes the interview, and by their light may be seen one beautiful aspect of the good queen's character.

"The queen's message," says Miss Weston, "took me by surprise, and it was with somewhat nervous feelings that I journeyed to Windsor, but I felt that I had not sought the honour, that it was of God's planning, and that He would carry me through. I shall not forget the advent of the Queen Empress as she advanced down the stately corridor, the Empress Frederick on her right hand, her Indian servant by her side, and her ladies following her; and when in her sweet, silvery voice she welcomed me, and thanked me for all that Miss Wintz and my fellow workers, as well as myself, had done for her sailors, I felt that although a queen, she had a heart full of sympathy and love. •

"The interview lasted for forty minutes, so that I had time to tell Her Majesty something of the many-sidedness of a work that was intended, not only for the good of Jack, but also of his wife, mother, and children; a work that remembered the widows in their distress, and sent them the 'first aid,' and that in a simple way

we tried to turn the brave men from sin, from intemperance, and all else that was evil.

"The queen listened, tears and smiles succeeding each other. I then alluded to the cabin that Her Majesty had kindly given at Devonport, and told her how the men valued it, and illustrated it by a true incident. In the dormitory two men were looking at the cabin, and as I passed, one of them, a typical British blue-jacket, said to me: 'Did the queen really give this cabin?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'don't you see the inscription on the door, "Given by Queen Victoria"?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'but I couldn't believe it; I've been all the world over, and never saw anything like this'; and then, with a sob in his throat, he said: 'The queen has always been my queen, and I'd die for her any day, but now she's my friend.'

"The tears chased one another down the queen's cheeks as she said: 'Thank you so much for telling me this; I shall never forget it.' This great Queen Empress has passed to another world, but her parting words ring in my ears yet, 'God bless you and Miss Wintz, and prosper you in your great and good work.'

"I left Windsor behind me, feeling that my greatest wish had been accomplished—to look into the face and hear the voice of Victoria the Good. Less than three short years passed, and

by the kindness of Queen Alexandra, I went to Osborne, there to stand by a small coffin, upon which glittered the Jubilee crown, while around there were grouped palms, banners, and flowers; that voice seemed to sound again, but better still the words seemed to float in the air, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'"

This brief sketch does not pretend to deal with all the work that has been accomplished by one steadfast Englishwoman, making the name of Agnes Weston a household word throughout the land, and a symbol of all that is courageous and persevering. That which she has done can never be correctly estimated, but it is certain she has devoted her life to the service of her fellow-creatures, giving strength to the weak and help to the helpless.

Life could be spent in no better or nobler way.

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18. **France and Britain in North America:** In the reign of Charles I., the colony of Massachusetts was founded, and from that time new states had been settled, so that in 1756 there were thirteen separate colonies or states in America belonging to Great Britain. These colonies stretched north and south for many miles, and their inland borders lay about two hundred miles from the sea.

To the north, south, and west of the British colonies lay those of France and Spain. The French possessed Louisiana and the country watered by the lower part of the Mississippi, as well as Canada in the north. Between these two districts they erected a chain of forts to hem in the British settlers, so that they should be unable to trade with the Indians who lived in the west.

The colonists resented this, and several small engagements took place between them and the French. The trouble gradually increased till a body of French troops, invading British territory,

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was defeated by the colonial militia. Thus a colonial war was going on between France and Britain, even before the declaration of war in 1756. The end of it was the capture of Quebec by the British, who thus obtained possession of Canada.

27. **Pump-room:** This is the name given to a building erected at a watering-place, in which people drink the natural mineral waters of the district. One such room, with a parade, "Ye Pantiles," may be seen at Tunbridge Wells.

44. **The French Revolution:** Although the French Revolution appeared to break out so suddenly, the way had been prepared for it for some years, particularly by the writings of such men as Voltaire and Rousseau. The astonishing part is that the French people did not rise before they did. The peasantry were of a higher, more intelligent stamp than were those of other continental nations, and the extraordinary taxes that ground

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them down might have made them rise sooner in rebellion.

But Louis XVI., weak king though he was, suffered for faults that were really not his own. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. were much more to blame, as their actions crippled the nation.

48. **The Little Trianon:** The Little Trianon and Marie Antoinette's farm are still to be seen at Versailles. The Trianon is now a "show-place," and the little buildings on the farm are in a ruined state.

86. **Prisons:** Descriptions of prisons may be found in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, and Reade's *It is Never too Late to Mend*.

99. **New South Wales and Convicts:** This was one use to which the Australian colonies were put. Bands of convicts, both men and women, were "transported" from this country and sent across the seas, where, in many cases, they began afresh a life of crime. As the country became settled by law-abiding people, objections were raised to the despatch of criminals to the colonies, and after a time the practice ceased.

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119. **Dante:** In 1265 Dante was born at Florence. He played an important part in the politics of that city, which he left for ever in 1301, under sentence of death. Of his works the best known is the *Divina Commedia*, a vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven. This poem fixed the form of the Italian language. Dante died in 1321.

Michael Angelo: This famous sculptor is said by some to have been born at Chiusi, in Italy, in 1475. He was not only a sculptor but a painter, a poet, an architect, and a military engineer. He died in 1564.

Leonardo da Vinci: To most people this painter is best known by his picture of "The Last Supper."

126. **Boy chimney-sweepers:** A description of one of these lads is given in Kingsley's *Water Babies*.

140. **The Louvre:** This is a splendid museum as well as a picture gallery. It contains, among other priceless things, the oldest book in the world, the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*.

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